THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1891.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE article which we publish on another page from the pen of SIR CHARLES DILKE, on the present position of the Newfoundland Fisheries Question, will be read with the interest which the writer's thorough knowledge of the subject of which he treats must inspire. It was in THE SPEAKER more than twelve months ago that attention was first called in the English Press to the fact that our Foreign Office was face to face with a problem of the very gravest character, involving either a possible loss of one of our oldest Colonies or a rupture with France. The events of the past few weeks have afforded startling proof of the accuracy of this forecast—ridiculed though it was at the time by political quidnuncs. Without following SIR CHARLES DILKE in his singularly able discussion of the recent action of the Government, we would simply call the attention of our readers to his last word on the subject. The key to this difficulty in the regulation of our foreign affairs is the key to many other difficulties which are pressing, more or less heavily, upon us—Egypt. The public will do well to realise this fact, and to see for itself what is the price we have to pay, all round the world, for keeping the British flag flying at Cairo. That the position in Newfoundland is daily becoming more serious, all the intelligence we receive goes to prove. The position of the English Government is one of grave difficulty, and we are far from desiring that party capital should be made by the Opposition out of anxieties which affect not the Ministry alone, but the nation as a whole. At the same time the more closely the recent action of LORD SALISBURY is scrutinised, the more dangerous will be seen to have been the course he has pursued.

THE week's record of Parliament has been void of colour, save for a smart piece of improvisation by MR. JESSE COLLINGS, who happened to be speaking when the news of the Aston return came in, and thereon treated the House to a strain of amusing equivoque. The most important incidents have been MR. SMITH'S engagement to postpone the Bill for carrying out the so-called *modus vivendi* with France in Newfoundland until April 16th, coupled with a very distinct hint that the Government meant to enforce the treaty rights of France, whatever Newfoundland might say or do—a decision which neutralises SIR WILLIAM WHITEWAY'S mission beforehand, and maintains the direct antagonism between the Imperial power and the Newfoundland Legislature. With regard to the dispute between the Post Office and the Messenger Companies, MR. RAIKES has somewhat lowered his tone. He has promised to take the case into the Courts after Easter, but the public will reasonably inquire why he suppressed first and went to law afterwards.

THE only private motion of interest is the revival, by MR. HARRY LAWSON, of his motion for the opening of national museums and galleries on Sunday, which was met, as usual, with a variety of inconsistent objections—the increase of the work of State servants, the Sabbatical theory, and the fear of our friend the Continental Sunday. None of them, of course, apply to MR. LAWSON'S plea. Even if the Christian Sunday were identical with the Jewish Sabbath, it has never been kept as such. No increase of work is necessary, but only a small increase of staff, and the one practical effect of the motion would be to bring the art and historical treasures of London up to the level of accessibility of those of Liverpool and Birmingham. Yet only thirty-nine members of the House of Commons could be found to vote for it.

WE have spoken elsewhere of the result of the Aston Manor election, which was undoubtedly a grievous disappointment for the Liberals. No doubt the crushing defeat sustained by MR. BEALE was due in part to the fact that at Birmingham Liberalism is practically unrepresented in the press. MR. CHAMBERLAIN and the Tories between them command nearly the whole of the recognised organs of public opinion; and anybody who is not prepared to follow either MR. CHAMBERLAIN or LORD SALISBURY has a bad time of it in Birmingham. But though the Aston Manor result was a severe disappointment, no Liberal need be discouraged by it. The local circumstances of the constituency are so peculiar that nothing which happens there can be regarded as a fair indication of the drift of public opinion throughout the country. Unpleasant as matters unquestionably are for the Liberals in Birmingham and its suburbs, there is ample evidence that elsewhere the tide continues to run strongly in their favour. All the news, too, from Ireland is encouraging. That MR. PARNELL is hopelessly beaten is now the universal opinion; and with his defeat we need hardly say that one grave difficulty in the way of the Liberal party will be removed.

MR. PARNELL has made a mistake which of itself should be sufficient to put an end to his political career. Having in bragging language challenged his colleague in the representation of Cork, MR. MAURICE HEALY, to resign his seat, accompanying the challenge by a promise to do the same thing, he has now in a cowardly and disingenuous manner sought to escape from the consequences of his own action. MR. HEALY has accepted his pledge, and now MR. PARNELL refuses to carry it out. This is the plain truth about the present position of affairs, and it is not surprising that in consequence MR. PARNELL finds himself the laughing-stock of all political parties. His position is not improved by the ridiculous attempts of his allies in the press to defend his retreat from his own challenges. The truth is now becoming apparent in all quarters that the supremacy of the Member for Cork in Ireland is at an end, and that his complete disappearance from the political stage may be expected at no distant date.

THE brutal outrage of which MR. TIMOTHY HEALY was the victim at Cork on Monday is already being quoted as proof of the incapacity of the Irish people for self-government. We cannot look at the event in this light. Unfortunately no political party in the United Kingdom is absolutely free from the taint of ruffianism. Even the clergy of the Church of England have black sheep among their number; and if the argument which is now being used to demonstrate the unfitness of Irishmen to govern themselves were to be applied to England, it is to be feared that our claim to the rights of citizenship would be emphatically disallowed. But though we cannot make the whole Irish people responsible for an act of cowardly brutality on the part of a ruffian like the man DALTON, we must

protest against the attempts which are being made to minimise this person's criminality. The *Times* is ill-advised enough to declare that the outrage on MR. HEALY "much resembles" that inflicted on MR. PARNELL at Kilkenny. Why cannot our contemporary practise the virtue of accuracy even in small things? The assault on MR. PARNELL was confined to the flinging of a handful of mud, some of which unhappily struck him on the eye, though fortunately without causing him any permanent injury. In the case of MR. HEALY, his assailant forced himself into a room where he was, extinguished the light, and then made a most deliberate and cruel attack upon him. It is ridiculous to compare the two offences.

UNLUCKY MR. RAIKES has been the best-abused man of the week. Since we have already had occasion to speak of the manner in which MR. RAIKES discharges his duties as Chief of the Post Office, there is no occasion to say that we do not account him blameless in the present crisis. But at the same time it is not to be denied that he is being somewhat hardly used by an outraged public. In endeavouring to maintain the monopoly of the Post Office, he is clearly doing his duty. Indeed, he would be open to severe censure if he failed to take this course. Unfortunately for him, it is evident that the Department is not prepared at the present moment to carry on the kind of work which is now successfully done by the Boy Messenger Company and some similar bodies. A mere deliverance on the question of law will not, therefore, settle the matter. If the Post Office refuses to allow a private company to serve the public in a certain way, because in so doing it is infringing the monopoly of the Department, we have a right to insist that the Postmaster-General should himself carry on the work of the Company on the same terms and conditions. Until he is prepared to do this, he will, if he be a wise man, abstain from any interference with his private rivals.

WE have unwittingly hurt the feelings of a friendly correspondent in North Britain, by speaking in a recent article of the "English flag" and the "Queen of England." We certainly had no intention of playing the part of Cockney scribe in using these convenient, expressive, and distinctly intelligible phrases. That they are not literally accurate—or, rather, that they do not include a full description of our flag and our Sovereign—we freely admit. But then what would be the really accurate and comprehensive description? British, we know, is the favourite word with our Scotch fellow-countrymen; but even British has but a limited significance. "The meteor flag of England"—it was a Scotchman who wrote those words—is the flag of the United Kingdom as a whole, not of Great Britain alone; and the full titles of the Queen are so long that we must refer our readers to the pages of BURKE for a full enumeration of them. We understand and sympathise with the jealous care with which North Britons watch over the rights of their favoured land; but we hope that they will not be too severe upon the writer or speaker who occasionally adopts a phrase which, if not absolutely accurate, is at all events distinctly convenient.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, speaking at the annual meeting of the London Chamber of Commerce, has expressed a very distinct opinion against the issue of £1 notes. We imagine that this is the opinion generally held by "practical men" as opposed to monetary theorists. It is certainly the opinion which at present finds favour with the general public. The nuisance and the risks of a paper circulation of small value are obvious to everybody who has the handling of money in considerable quantities, whilst the advantages which it offers are, to say the least, not so clearly perceptible. It will be interesting to see whether, in this matter, MR. GOSCHEN will have the courage to stick to his guns. At present all that can be said is that the attacks upon his whole system of finance have merely commenced. When the assault on the citadel of Downing Street is made—as it will be by-and-by—in full force, it will be strange if irreparable damage be not done to the reputation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer as a sound financier. MR. SHAW-LEFEVRE'S letter in the *Times* of Tuesday put one side of the case against MR. GOSCHEN with force and clearness. But there are many other vulnerable points in his armour, besides that indicated by MR. LEFEVRE.

OWING to the fortnightly settlement on the Stock Exchange, which began on Monday morning and ended on Wednesday afternoon, and to the preparations for the holidays, short loans have been in pretty brisk demand this week at from 2¼ to 2½ per cent.; but the rate of discount in the open market has declined. Nominally it is 2¼ per cent., but business has been done considerably below that. Next month there is likely to be a further fall, for speculation is at a standstill, trade has been checked, and bills consequently are very scarce. It is possible, however, that a large foreign demand for gold may spring up, as money is now becoming cheaper in London than upon the Continent. If that should take place, the fall in rates would be checked; otherwise as soon as the interest on the National Debt is paid there will inevitably be a decline, and the market will continue very easy for a month or more perhaps. The price of silver fell on Tuesday to 44¾d. per ounce. There is a large accumulation of the metal in New York; the speculators there are embarrassed, and the Indian demand is unusually small for this time of the year. On the other hand, strenuous efforts are being made by those interested to support the market. Apparently combinations are being formed in New York to assist the embarrassed speculators, and here in London the decision of the Produce Clearing House to guarantee future dealings in silver, and to store the metal, is expected to lead to a considerable speculation. Whether the expectation will be realised depends upon the course of events in the United States; and as the agitation for further legislation still continues there, it is hardly probable that much rise can take place.

BUSINESS on the Stock Exchange has been almost completely suspended this week. The conversion of MESSRS. MURIETTA'S business into a joint-stock company has inspired the belief that we shall not now have very serious failures; and the success of the Argentine Government in supporting the National and Provincial Banks leads to the hope that business in Argentina may gradually recover. Still, the condition of all the South American countries is most serious. In the Argentine Republic more particularly, the whole of the provinces and municipalities are bankrupt and so are the State Banks. It is impossible to see what may happen, and at the very best a real recovery cannot be hoped for for years to come. Uruguay is in nearly as bad a plight as the Argentine Republic. There seems no chance of an early termination of the civil war in Chili. And speculation in Brazil is passing all bounds. In France, again, it is known that several of the Joint-stock Banks are seriously embarrassed, and there are fears that there may be a crisis in Germany; while the financial condition of the United States is also very unsatisfactory. Everyone, therefore, is limiting his risks as much as possible; speculation has ceased, and even investment is on a small scale. This week the unwillingness to engage in new business has been increased by the fact that the Stock Exchange will be closed from Thursday evening until Tuesday morning. But though there is so little doing, prices have been fairly well maintained.

THE DYING PARLIAMENT.

A BREATHING-SPACE has been granted to Parliament, and we are able to take stock of the political situation more accurately than we can do whilst the work of legislation is in actual progress. Seldom has the political situation been more interesting than it is at the present moment; and yet seldom have its conditions been more complicated and puzzling, even to the most skilled of Parliamentary meteorologists. The supporters of the Government have gone off for the Easter recess, flushed with delight over the victory at Aston Manor. Nor can any reasonable being find fault with them because of this exultation. They have at last broken the long record of misfortunes by achieving a triumph about which there cannot be any possibility of doubt. They have not won a seat, it is true; but they have amply vindicated their claim to the unbroken allegiance of Birmingham and its suburbs. To what particular cause they are indebted for a triumph the magnitude of which has surprised even themselves, it were perhaps bootless to inquire. On one point, however, it would be distinctly ungenerous to withhold our opinion. Nobody has so good a right to rejoice over the Tory majority at Aston as Mr. Chamberlain. For in that majority is to be found fresh proof of the completeness of his ascendency over his own townsmen and personal acquaintances. As an individual triumph for Mr. Chamberlain the Aston election is therefore an event of signal importance. It must not be forgotten, however, that personal triumphs of this kind are often quite devoid of political significance. Mr. Roebuck could carry Sheffield with him when he changed his political opinions; but that did not mean that the rest of the West Riding had become less Liberal than it was before. Mr. Cowen, when the idol of the Jingoes, held his seat with ease at Newcastle, and yet the whole Tyne valley was violently anti-Jingo. Mr. Chamberlain may, and apparently does, reign in Birmingham; and yet it by no means follows that outside Birmingham he can control a dozen votes, or turn the election in a single constituency. Whilst, therefore, we cannot begrudge the Ministerialists their shout of joy over the victory at Aston ~~Manor~~, we are by no means inclined to regard it as a political portent of importance.

But the Tories, and their friends who still claim the right to sit on the Liberal benches, are by no means the only persons who have gone off to enjoy their holidays in high delight. The teetotalers can claim to have won a real triumph, which, in the opinion of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, we imagine, must overweigh a score of defeats like that at Aston. The carrying of the second reading of the Welsh Local Option Bill was in itself a measure of great importance; whilst the judgment of the House of Lords in the case of Sharpe *versus* Wakefield will seem to those temperance reformers who are bent upon applying practical remedies to the greatest of our social evils, a victory which surpasses even the carrying of a Local Option Bill. The temperance party has, therefore, every reason to be satisfied with itself at this particular juncture. If such forward steps in the good work can be taken at a time when the Government citadel is in the hands of the enemy, what may not be done in the near future, when a Ministry after Sir Wilfrid Lawson's own heart is installed upon the Treasury Bench? Nothing is more remarkable, indeed, than the way in which measures that are commonly associated with Liberal ideas have been advancing in Parliament and in public opinion during the last few months. On the social questions, for example, we have seen triumph after triumph gained by those who are anxious to force some of the great problems of our social life upon the attention of Parliament. With a Royal Commission about to sit to inquire into the question of hours of labour, with rival schemes dealing with water supply, factory acts, and many other social needs coming from both political parties, the social reformers have every reason to feel satisfied with their position at this moment. Some of them, indeed, may fall into the error of imagining that nothing better is to be desired than the continuance of the existing state of things, seeing that great Liberal questions are advancing more rapidly at this moment than they did when a Liberal Government was last in office.

Herein, however, lies a fatal blunder. The present House of Commons has fallen into a state of decay, and the very quickness of its movements in certain directions, so far from being evidence of its life and energy, is but a proof of its moribund condition. If there is one fact clearer than any other to the political observer, it is that all the stamina, mental and moral, has departed from the present House of Commons. It is now only waiting for the hour of its release, and the movements which to the careless eye seem to indicate its superabundant vitality, are but the convulsions of a body wherein the muscular system is no longer under the complete control of the will. Within the House this fact is recognised all but universally. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," is the doctrine preached by the majority of our legislators. "Why should we trouble ourselves about questions of principle, when we have before us an event which must certainly terminate the existence of this Parliament, and which will probably bring us face to face with a new order of things? Why, in these circumstances, should we hesitate to pass Local Option Bills, to call for inquiry into the eight hours question, and to submit to the pressure of the faddists, whose persistent life and energy the age of Parliament apparently does not affect?" This is the reasoning which is now common in the House of Commons, and it explains many things which have happened of late. There is nothing unusual or unnatural in the present condition of affairs. This Parliament has lived fast; but even if it had not done so, five years of life would have sufficed to drain away the greater part of its energies. Every man in it is now thinking not so much of his Parliamentary duties as of the next election. This is inevitable, and we have no right to complain, because Members of Parliament are only human like ourselves. But what is the obvious duty of a Government when matters have reached this stage? To cling to office to the last moment, content to galvanise its majority into spasmodic action whenever it is absolutely necessary to pass a measure and repel an attack by the Opposition? or to take steps to bring about that early appeal to the country which alone can restore its lost vigour to the House of Commons, and make it once more equal to its task? The question has only to be put in order to be answered. And although we acknowledge the strength of the temptation which always besets men who are in actual possession of power to cling to their safe tenure as long as possible, yet we have sufficient faith in the average conscientiousness of all men—Tories as well as Liberals—and a sufficient knowledge of the rapidity with which the process of decay, when it has once set in, is carried on in a legislative body, to feel assured that Ministers will not listen to those who clamour for the full lease of the Septennial Act, but will take a very early opportunity of transferring the burden of responsibility from the shoulders of an exhausted Parliament to those of the nation at large. We shall not be sorry if the Aston victory should tempt them to take this step even sooner than they had intended.

MR. PARNELL'S COURAGE.

THE most candid critic of Mr. Parnell's latest exploit is one of those delegates who have gone to America to impress their countrymen there with the indomitable energy and undaunted spirit of their leader. These are Mr. Parnell's campaign virtues. If the smallest shadow of a doubt falls upon them, if the injurious suspicion gets abroad that the hero of Committee-Room Number Fifteen, and of the crowbar brigade who broke into the offices of *United Ireland*, is showing the white feather, then Mr. O'Kelly and his colleagues may as well come back. That is why Mr. O'Kelly, with a bluntness which is not practised in the Parnellite camp at home, stigmatised Mr. Parnell's challenge to Mr. Maurice Healy as a blunder. A pitched battle in the city of Cork could not, argued the excellent O'Kelly, settle the question of the national leadership. Perhaps not; but Mr. O'Kelly has seen something of war, and he knows that a pitched battle sometimes decides the fate of a commander, though the struggle may be for a while prolonged. Even worse than downright defeat is the haughty challenge which is followed by the craven shuffle, the sudden fall from the lofty daring of Bombastes to the pacific petition of Bob Acres. "A long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!" said Mr. Acres. Mr. Parnell improves upon this by proposing that Mr. Maurice Healy shall put himself up as a target: if Mr. Parnell can hit him, that will be eminently satisfactory; if not, Mr. Parnell will run away. That is the plain meaning of the amended challenge. In the first instance, Mr. Parnell was willing to go to his constituents "to-morrow" if his colleague in the representation of Cork would do the same. When Mr. Healy accepted this proposal with alacrity, and requested the challenger to name the day, Mr. Parnell became pensive, and his friends were seriously alarmed. It mattered little to him, perhaps, that he was publicly disgraced. The experience was not new, and the undaunted leader had already shown his capacity for ignoring imputations on his character. In a few days he might have announced that to demand the literal fulfilment of his word was to hit "below the belt." But this view was too exalted for the Parnellites in Cork. They implored their idol to make some concession to the vulgar prejudice in favour of fair fighting. Mr. Parnell had hung up his boots like Bombastes, and dared Mr. Healy to displace them. Displaced they unquestionably were, and it would never do for the Parnellite king to go bootless as well as uncrowned, and pretend that his dignity was unimpaired.

So the challenge was amended, doubtless to the unutterable disgust of Mr. O'Kelly, who knows it will be impossible to persuade the fire-eaters of Chicago that Mr. Parnell has not shirked the issue raised by himself. First, there was the plea that Mr. Maurice Healy was very impertinent. He had dared to address words of contumely to the great exemplar of courtesy who called him a "gutter-sparrow." Then it was discovered that to expect Mr. Parnell to fight at once was most unfair, for was it not notorious that Mr. Healy would manipulate the Tory vote in Cork, nay, that his emissaries were already coquetting with the Government? This felicitous invention must be very interesting to the Cork Unionists, who are urged by the *Times* to rise in their hundreds and plant the flag of the Union at the head of the poll, a consummation which, considering that the Home Rulers, even when divided, should leave any Unionist candidate at least a thousand behind, seems sufficiently remote. But the most exquisite shift of all is provided by the fertile ingenuity of the man whose tenacity and resource the Tories have been admiring for months. Mr. Parnell will have nothing to say to Mr. Healy, whose "untruthful statements" have scandalised the author of a certain manifesto. But when Mr. Healy has "gone to his constituents," Mr. Parnell will face an election. It is a beautiful device, especially as it is accompanied by the brave flourish of sending to Colonel Nolan Mr. Parnell's application for the Chiltern Hundreds. The gallant colonel has the application in his pocket, and there it is likely to remain. Mr. Maurice Healy's application is in Sir Thomas Esmonde's possession, to be presented to the Chancellor of the Exchequer concurrently with Mr. Parnell's. Face to face with his own conditions, Mr. Parnell will not fight. He is on his chosen ground. He has boasted of the loyalty of "Rebel Cork" to his cause. Elsewhere, he is opposed by the priests, and his partisans are aghast at clerical intimidation. But nobody pretends that the clergy have an overwhelming influence in Cork. There, if anywhere, Mr. Parnell may count on the remnant of Fenianism to support him, supposing that the Fenians are moved by the fitful violence of his random rhetoric. But since he threw down the challenge which amazed Mr. O'Kelly he has reflected that to hold his own in the city of Cork would not be a decisive triumph, while to lose it might mean ruin.

It may be that the consequences of Mr. Parnell's blunder will force him to fight after all. It is impossible to maintain even a shred of his personal prestige unless he can restore faith in his courage. Curiously enough, Mr. Parnell has given another proof of his occasional lack of nerve. No doubt all his friends expected him to make a fierce retort to Mr. Gladstone's emphatic declaration at Hastings, that the Liberal party would risk any misfortune rather than make such a man constitutional governor of Ireland. With unlooked-for modesty, Mr. Parnell replied that he never had any ambition to serve under the Crown in an Irish Parliament. His inclinations pointed elsewhere, he said, but his followers must be quite bewildered by this sign-post. As they have not been taught to regard their leader as a sort of Cincinnatus who, after restoring the legislative freedom of his country, would bury his mind in the quarries of Wicklow, they may be excused for a deepening discouragement over this enigmatical humility. Mr. Parnell may be speaking the resolve he has cherished for years, but does it not look painfully like submission to English dictation? After Mr. Gladstone's letter, Mr. Parnell vehemently denounced the attempt of an English statesman to dismiss the Irish leader at a moment's notice. But when Mr. Gladstone reiterated in the plainest language his resolution not to acknowledge Mr. Parnell's claim to shape the destinies of Ireland, that champion announced that he never wished to be anything but a disinterested spectator of the labours of an Irish Parliament. Poor Mr. O'Kelly may well be dejected. What is the use of proclaiming on American platforms that Charles Stewart Parnell is the only leader of the Irish race, when their prodigy is meekly disclaiming any desire to direct the affairs of Ireland under a new Constitution? The Nationalists are anxious not only to achieve Home Rule, but also to bear its responsibilities. They show a higher public spirit than their antagonist, who is a stumbling-block professing an unselfish inspiration, a paladin who is afraid to fight in the open. Mr. Parnell has staked everything on a personal supremacy which he is rapidly destroying. No one has set this fact more clearly before the public than Mr. T. P. O'Connor, whose speech on Wednesday is in many respects the wisest deliverance we have yet had on the Parnell controversy.

BUNG *IN EXTREMIS*.

WE have heard the last of compensation for the licensed victualler. The House of Lords has for ever settled that question. "Sharpe *v.* Wakefield" has finally decided that a licence is merely what it on the face of it purports to be—a licence only for a year—and that the justices may treat renewals exactly as they treat original applications, that is, look at the whole circumstances, and especially the wants of the particular district, and grant or refuse the application on the merits. Among lawyers the question in dispute never raised any doubts. The ambiguity, if any there was, in the Licensing Acts, was one of a very common kind; it arose from the use of that slipshod, slovenly English to be found most often in Acts of Parliament; the word "personal" was used as it is only in the high official style of those who sneer at newspaper English. To be sure, the Lord Chancellor, anxious to let the publicans down gently, threw out the suggestion that probably the justices would view with different eyes the two classes of applications, and that in the case of renewals they "would limit the inquiry to the conduct of the house and the character of the licensee, and perhaps the condition of the house." But for such a restriction there is no ground in the Licensing Acts, and Lord Herschell was careful to say that he did not, as to this point, agree with Lord Halsbury. The decision does not cover, unfortunately, licences to consume beer, wine, and cider off the premises, or the renewals of licences to consume them on the premises in the case of houses licensed before May, 1869. That is one of the many blots on our licensing system. Beer-shops, the fruitful source of intemperance of the most degraded and besotted kind, have been the pampered favourites of the Legislature, which for a long time left it to the Excise to say how many of them should be licensed. Upon overwhelming evidence of the mischievous effects of this system, a change was made in 1869; the power of creating an indefinite number of beer-houses was slightly curtailed. But Sir Henry Selwin-Ibbetson, in his measure of that year, thought fit to keep up a distinction between such premises and other licensed houses, and to say that the justices should not refuse to renew a licence for a beer-shop in force on the 1st of May, 1869, except for certain specified causes; and the Courts have done their utmost to fetter still further the discretion of the justices. "Sharpe *v.* Wakefield" consequently does not affect many beer-shops. Nevertheless, it is a veritable Sedan for the licensed victualler and his friends. The frothy rhetoric of the "trade" about vested rights becomes altogether flat when it is known that a licensed victualler is under a running notice to quit. Not only are "licensing clauses" of the stamp of Mr. Ritchie's for ever again impossible, but the whole problem of reducing "the great industry" to reasonable dimensions becomes easier through this decision.

Not that we expect the justices will, in the districts where public-houses swarm, freely use their power. The notion that the case for local option is in any way weakened by the recognition of the power of the licensing bench is too puerile to be advocated elsewhere than in the columns of the *Morning Advertiser*. Men with strong ideas as to temperance are to be found in the commission; but usually they sit beside violent opponents; and over the lukewarm or neutral members the well-trained organisation of "the trade" has generally influence. Even when well-meaning people petition against the granting or renewal of a licence, they are pretty sure to be beaten by the conspiracy of interests arrayed by the "great industry." We have not much hope that the justices will boldly use their powers. But the temperance party ought not to let them forget that each year they start afresh, and that they must determine the total number of licences to be granted with reference to the actual condition of things at the Brewster Sessions.

The "unpaid" must, in the best of circumstances, be a poor substitute for local option or the *referendum*. They are often out of touch with local opinion; it is notorious that the appointments when not made in a haphazard fashion often avowedly proceed upon party lines. But the decision has the merit of bringing home to people the fact that since 1828 at all events the Legislature has decided that licences are to be granted and renewed with reference to the circumstances of the neighbourhood. The house of a licensed victualler is not to be opened except when the district requires it. It is to be closed when the need no longer exists. The magistrates may cut down the number from fifty to five if they honestly believe, on looking into the facts, that the latter number is sufficient. What is this but saying, "You must study the condition of the district before deciding whether a licence is to be granted; you must see what the people really want"? The only defect in this legislation was the supposition that the justices could know the requirements of the people so well as the people themselves.

More than one of the law lords who gave judgment in favour of the respondent and against the claim to vested rights, and notably the Lord Chancellor, spoke almost with enthusiasm of their confidence in the discretion of the licensing bench. We do not share that feeling; but if it be just, what reason is there for the distinction between beer-shops and other premises at which intoxicating liquors are sold? When the measure of 1869, which sanctioned that distinction, was before Parliament, a mass of evidence was produced to show that the former were especially responsible for crime and debauchery, and that, in the words of Sir Henry Selwin-Ibbetson, the system of 1830, that under which so many beer-shops were opened, "has covered the country with a class of public-houses which has tended to private drunkenness, crime, and profligacy." Things have not much improved; the low beer-shops possessed of vested interests, all acquainted with the habits of the poor will tell you, are the centres of degradation, the cancerous spots upon many a community otherwise healthy. Why should the justices not be free to deal with them as they may with other licensed houses, which are less injurious, and in which more capital is invested?

To the friends of temperance it is encouraging to note the mood in which the decision in "Sharpe *v.* Wakefield" is received by the liquor press—not the imbecile part of it which believes that all will yet be as it once was, and the "trade" saved if only Government would say that no spirits under three years in bond should be sold—but that which expresses the opinions of the sagacious leaders of the licensed victuallers. They speak almost with terror of the effects of the proclamation of a doctrine which they have always combated. The publican is *in extremis*, and he knows it. There is a liquor trade literature and a liquor trade oratory. Once it was bold and haughty, prompt to show that the cause of beer was one with all the high, venerable interests of the country, and that religion itself was not safe if the blaspheming abstainer were not kept down. That loud literature and full-fed oratory have of late become much chastened. The publican now pleads extenuating circumstances. He is trying to make terms, and from the tone of the trade comments on "Sharpe *v.* Wakefield" it is plain

that he despairs of the support of his former friends. He well knows that when the Liberal Party returns to power it will find the path of social reforms cleared and widened by this decision. What can the publican say for himself when he can no longer speak of vested interests?

THE BATTLE OF THE BOY MESSENGERS.

WE see no objection to the highly popular pastime of baiting Mr. Raikes. He is not a wise administrator, and in the matter of his quarrel with the Boy Messenger Companies he has shown how easy it is to get a reputation for vigour on the strength of one or two displays of sheer truculence. As it happens, Mr. Raikes's personality is linked to a department of the Civil Service which it is part of our birthright to abuse. The Post Office is quoted as an example of Socialism in practice; but an institution which grinds its workers down to the very lowest level of subsistence wage, acknowledged by Mr. Booth in his survey of East London labour, while it imposes an indirect tax on the public in the proportion of close on 40 per cent. of its expenditure, and is afraid of applying its own principles beyond the limits of the Three Kingdoms, is hardly entitled to pose as the accuser of private enterprise. It is scarcely the fact, as the very cogent defence of the General Post Office in the *Times* puts it, that "the receipts of the Post Office are not a tax, but a return for services rendered." That is true so far as the charge for all letters and stamps and telegrams merely covers the cost of producing them and maintaining the service to which we owe them; but beyond this every penny which goes into the Treasury purse from St. Martin's-le-Grand is a tax, and nothing but a tax. Naturally, therefore, when Mr. Raikes turns viciously on a particularly handy and clever device for saving what the busy man values most—time—and offers him a palpably insufficient substitute, the public side with the private capitalist against the public official. That is natural; but the controversy between the Postmaster-General and the Messenger Companies goes further than this. It has brought out a little Spencerian chorus (Professor Marshall unexpectedly joining in), singing a song of pure individualism.

Now, though Mr. Raikes may be wrong in some points in his quarrel with the boy messengers, it does not follow that the moral of it makes for the disciples of a teacher who would cheerfully hand over the Post Office and the Mint to private enterprise, while he would burden the State with the administration of every inch of the land. People who argue in this fashion appear to think, as Mr. D. G. Ritchie has lately pointed out in his work on State interference, that the State "ought to resemble an animal drunk or asleep, and the brain doing as little as possible." Or, to put it plainly, it is not clear that because the Post Office, under Mr. Raikes, who is in his turn under the Treasury, which is in its turn under a Tory Government, is for the time being hardly a model of tact, energy, and industrial vigilance, it has therefore forfeited the right to the monopoly which successive Parliaments, under very different social conditions, have granted it.

For what are the facts of the case? The two chief messenger companies have added to London life what we may call a very neat little service of luxury and convenience. While the Post Office has been equably ploughing up the economic soil all over the United Kingdom, they have been going in for the "intensive cultivation" of one very fruitful part of it. The "electric call" is an undoubted boon. It saves journeys to and from home, helps out the awful problem of how an over-worked Londoner is to dress for dinner, increases the safety of property, and applies to London the aids to the swift despatch of business and pleasure which New York, that needs them far less, has already organised to perfection. Nor can it be pretended for a moment that Mr. Raikes's proposal to detach a portion of the ordinary Post Office staff for the functions which the boy messenger discharges at one's doors is to be compared with the private service. The latter goes to its customers; the former takes them to it, and then serves them very much at its leisure. But is there not another side to the question? It is easy to imagine that unless the two chief messenger companies had been kept in steady check by St. Martin's-le-Grand they would have seriously interfered with the letter-carrying powers which, after all, the people's Parliament have given the Post Office for the people's good. As it is, a good deal of custom is clearly lost to the Post Office, and some of the offices of the companies are in some of their functions hardly to be distinguished from district centres of the department over which Mr. Raikes presides.

No doubt some of the friends of the messenger companies argue that the monopoly is well lost. Professor Marshall tells us in the *Times* that the Post Office monopoly is its least defensible feature. But as no one outside the circle of the Liberty and Property Defence League proposes to do away with it, it is hard to see why Mr. Raikes is to be blamed for protecting it against such subtle and extremely plausible advances as those of the messenger companies. We forbid competition in telegraphs and check it in telephones; are we to admit it in letter-carrying? No doubt Mr. Raikes was ill-advised to stop a useful piece of enterprise until he was in a position to offer the public as good a thing as he took away from them. But even so, it is open to him to argue that we cannot eat our cake and have it, and that we must pay something for the great economies of production and distribution which the national control of the greatest of carrying services has brought about. The messenger services will give us a beautifully cheap and rapid service for a select class between South Kensington and Charing Cross. The question is—and it is a fair one in face of proposals which are nothing less than a suggestion that the Post Office should lose its privileges as the national letter-carrier—what would they do for Liskeard or the island of Lewis? Obviously they would think nothing about them for the next quarter of a century at least—possibly not at all. The Post Office, on the other hand, while doubtless it over-charges for the short distance, puts the whole kingdom, rich and poor, near and far, on an equality of treatment. Nor is it always true that the Post Office mismanages what private enterprise manages well. The Parcel Post is infinitely improved since it was taken from the railway companies, even in face of the heavy tribute they exact for their share in the transport. Why should it necessarily be otherwise with an express service? Mr. Raikes will, after all, go out with his precious Government, and even to-day he can be heckled out of his obstinacy and lack of inventiveness. There is no reason in the nature of things why a great country like this should not summon to its postal service every atom of inventive resource which lies at the command of a score of messenger companies. It has not done so at present; and that, as well as his autocratic tone and temper, and the refusal to compensate for the loss of a genuine bit of social ingenuity, is a proper ground of quarrel with Mr. Raikes. But to say, as some theorists have been saying or hinting, that to trust the nation to do its own postal service, and in

the end to do it thoroughly well, is to risk a return to the Dark Ages, argues a singular lack of faith in progress, and a needlessly poor conception of the nature of the modern State and of the forces that have upreared and will sustain it.

IRELAND A NATION.—I.

WHENEVER Lord Salisbury speaks on Irish affairs, it is, to adapt slightly the verse of Longfellow, in the "arrogant old ascendancy strain." Such language becomes a great English peer who looks on Irish Protestants as merely his garrison. He is careful to preserve towards Ireland that "ignorance of contumely" which Lord Clare, who could have given him some hints for coercion, ascribed to the Tory statesmen of his day, and which has by no means died out in ours. When, therefore, he announced at Cambridge, in his last public speech, that he and his Unionist friends intended to be looked upon as the "future founders of the Irish nation," it is not surprising that his audience cheered. But any "mere Irish" who happened to be present would most certainly have laughed. The vision of twin statues on College Green inscribed "Salisbury" and "Balfour" is exhilarating; still more so, if on their granite pedestals were carved those clauses of the "Coercion Act made Perpetual" which have hitherto constituted the chief claims of these distinguished Founders to Irish gratitude, and which, as the Premier cheerfully allows, are at present "deeply cursed," as they deserve to be.

But one thing is plain. Henceforth it can never be argued that "Ireland a Nation" is a Separatist or disloyal toast. What Lord Salisbury takes for granted, a Home Ruler may surely be permitted to assume, as in accordance with the British Constitution. True, the question remains how to reconcile the National with the Imperial idea. But a step forward has been gained when it is clearly understood on all sides that the Irish citizen who declines to sink his country to the level of a Yorkshire or a Lancashire aims neither at rebellion nor disruption, and may be at least as devoted to the British Empire as those Englishmen who glory in setting their "brethren of the North" in opposition to five-sevenths of the population around them, with whom they have no quarrel. Of course, it is not to be hoped that Lord Salisbury and those who think with him will recover from the delusion which weighs heavy upon their souls. Our Whig-Tory Premier was born out of due time. Like one who has stumbled out of the eighteenth into the nineteenth century, and is hardly yet awake, he reiterates his mischievous jargon about "religious animosity," "sinister domination," "anti-English bias," and other well-worn phrases of an earlier time, as though nothing had changed in Ireland or the world at large since the French Revolution. He stands for the great Whig and landlord interest, and he talks as if he were defending the Reformation against "Archbishop Croke and Archbishop Walsh." He knows Ireland so little as actually to frighten his Cambridge hearers with a picture of the "ruthless heel" which has trampled upon Ulster for generations. In this view, Home Rule is nothing but the old-world quarrel of Catholic and Protestant; it is not a social problem, but a sectarian one. The restoration of a National Parliament in College Green would signify, according to the Premier, that Rome was about to set up a dictatorship over the island, while it would be likewise a first and fatal step towards Separation.

There are probably not a dozen men acquainted with Irish history, or with the character of the Irish people, who do not know that this confused medley of reasoning is but a tissue of mistakes and prejudices. The enemy with which Lord Salisbury delights to grapple is a chimæra, a phantom of ignorance which would be dispelled if Mr. Gladstone's advice were followed, and politicians took resolutely to the study of the chronicles of a nation which they are not ashamed to govern in the dark. Liberal or Conservative, they have deemed it beneath them to know what Irishmen think or have thought about their own country, into what parties they have been divided, or in what relation the various groups of Nationalists have stood to one another. It may be hoped that Mr. Lecky's last two volumes will do something to scatter this enfolding mist. For, although Mr. Lecky stops short at the Union, and his distinctions are not as sharply pointed as they might have been, he proves manifestly that the clean-cut division between a Protestant Ireland which was only an English garrison, and a Catholic Ireland to which the clergy gave rules and over which they exercised absolute sway, is simply unhistorical. Grattan's Parliament does not justify the Union and all its consequences, merely because it admitted no Catholic representatives and had not been reformed. It was thoroughly Irish in spirit and essence, even while it upheld the British Empire at the cost of blood and treasure. The "men of the North," to whom Lord Salisbury appeals as his brethren, not only opposed the Union, but sent forth one Irish patriot after another, in a long and illustrious line which comes down to the present day. In like manner, the Roman Catholics, before O'Connell and since, have done much more than preach loyalty and toleration. They have practised both; and in times of peril have made no slight sacrifices to prove that, much as they desired a share in the benefits of a free Commonwealth, they had no thought of helping its enemies. The combination of these two ideas—the National and the Imperial—which Burke fully comprehended and Grattan maintained through a long and stormy life, has been familiar to thousands of Catholic Irishmen. It has a parentage and a descent not dating from yesterday. And those who cannot distinguish between the Nationalism of men like Alexander Sullivan and the Nationalism of John Mitchel—to say nothing of O'Donovan Rossa—would fail, though they sat on a Royal Commission, to discern on what grounds Locke could defend the Revolution of 1688, while Edmund Burke, his heir according to the spirit, condemned and denounced with tumultuous vehemence the Revolution of 1789.

For, since the days of Wolfe Tone and the United Irishmen there has been another ideal of nationality in conflict with that of Burke and Grattan. It has been called by those who dislike it the Jacobin view, and such in great measure it is. But its friends would prefer to think of it as the Creed of Democracy, which only by excess becomes Jacobin. It has taken every form, and is cosmopolitan and revolutionary. Hitherto, in effect if not in intention, it has been anti-religious. All the secret societies have known something of it. Fenianism notified to the world that it had planted itself in America, and was aiming on both sides of the Atlantic to overthrow British rule. The dynamite policy which it inaugurated betrayed its affinities with Nihilism. The "Invincibles" of Dublin felt its inspiration not obscurely. The "Clan-na-Gael" may be said to have inherited some of its methods. It is the Extreme Left of the Irish Revolution, and is part of a more general movement which, though it may begin by promoting nationalities, does not regard them as either final or perfect, but presses onward to the goal of Anarchy. Thus to the National idea, which we have already recognised, and to the Imperial cherished by

Grattan's disciples in conjunction with it, we must now add the Cosmopolitan.

All these appeal to a standard which is not self-interest. They have their martyrs and their enthusiasms. And it is obvious that they may come into collision; or, rather, that the Cosmopolitan Idea, when fully developed, is hostile to nations as to empires. Ireland, it will be observed, has kept more in touch with the Continent than would seem at first sight probable; and the current of French thought, especially, has been reflected in its literature and politics for quite a hundred years. It is this circumstance which makes reasoning like Lord Salisbury's at once absurd and dangerous. Irish troubles in the future are not at all likely to spring from the overweening preponderance of Catholic ecclesiastics. Much shrewder would be the prophecy which foresaw in a Parliament on College Green the battle-ground between Christian theories of property and education on the one side, and Jacobin or Cosmopolitan on the other. It was some foreboding of this possibility which made the late Cardinal Cullen suspicious even of the "Independent Opposition" that he did so much to ruin. The like fear has kept every Catholic Archbishop of Dublin aloof from the National movement until Dr. Walsh was chosen by the Home Rule clergy, and the choice insisted upon at the Vatican. To disentangle the Democratic from the Revolutionary scheme is a problem which the Roman Congregations have not yet solved. Hence there are still many priests who would not call themselves by party names, but who dread what the morrow may bring forth, when a great lay power in contact with American and French ideas has set up its seat in Dublin. For the rule of the clergy is fast coming to an end, even in the most Celtic districts of Ireland.

It may seem like a paradox, but undoubtedly there are to be found among the priests, no less than the Roman Catholic gentry, a certain section to whom the Tory Government appears to be defending not merely the union of the legislature, but the supremacy of the Christian creed, so little do they hold that with Home Rule will open a period of Catholic ascendency. In the feelings of the most thoughtful, the present time is one of grave and anxious expectation, with which is mingled not so much a doubt or a fear, as a vague presentiment that possibly, after all, Ireland may follow the example of France, and adopt a secularist policy. Such things are not preached on the housetops. But in conversation they are more than whispered. No one dreams that the Irish Catholics will ever be made Protestant. The day of preaching and proselytising to that effect is gone, never to return. It is not the Reformation which will conquer Ireland. As for the Calvinism of the North, what Carlyle said of it elsewhere is true in Ulster—it is "a ghost whistling in the wind," a disembodied thing without life or vigour. Meanwhile, the quick Irish intellect, which is so nearly akin to the French, and has much of its brilliant audacity, has never yet been trained except at Trinity College or in ecclesiastical seminaries. No one can tell how it will act under the influence of modern culture. The outlook is not free from clouds, and the authorities of the Roman Church are too sagacious securely to hug themselves, as Lord Salisbury fancies they are doing, with the promise of a good time coming. They cannot doubt, seeing the general trend of European aspirations and the growing power of Democracy, that Ireland, which is already the centre of a world-wide race, will be recognised in due course as a self-governing nation. But while they are sure that it will not be Protestant, who is to give them a pledge that it will be Catholic? The signs point to something new—to a type of character hitherto not realised out of France, as well as to social and economic changes in the wake of fresh ideas. Strange as it may sound, the Irish citizen of the world is a well-known figure, and has played his part at home and abroad. The centre of gravity for Ireland is not in Dublin or London, but in America; and the Greater Ireland which has so long directed the action is now transforming the thought of the Mother Country. It would be the height of folly to treat such a nation as if it were but a province, a Yorkshire over-sea which looked to England for guidance. The elements in the horoscope are mixed, and the issues far from patent. But when we have sketched them as they appear to us, anyone who does not refuse to hazard his reputation on a prophecy may decide whether Lord Salisbury and his Unionist friends are likely to be the "future founders of the Irish nation," or whether we must not look for them in quite a different direction. George Eliot has said that "finest hope is finest memory." The memories to which Lord Salisbury appeals are dying or dead. But there is an Ireland of which he has never cared to know anything—the common country of Swift and Goldsmith, of Grattan and Flood, and Burke and O'Connell. It has survived out of a dismal past; and, amid all checks and discouragements, it faces the future. That is the Ireland which will be a Nation.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE curious piece of secret history which has just been revealed, probably by Prince Bismarck, in connection with the Imperial Minister of the Interior in Germany, Herr von Boetticher, has made the prospect of a reconciliation between the Emperor and the ex-Chancellor more remote than ever. The facts, as stated by a friendly organ, the *National Zeitung*, are these: In 1887 Herr von Boetticher had become security for his father-in-law, a merchant in Dantzig, who had failed. He therefore became liable for 350,000 marks (£17,500)—precisely seven times his annual salary. Friends raised the money and paid his debt, but the matter affected his spirits and his efficiency as a Minister. One day, therefore, he received the whole sum from the late Emperor Wilhelm I. He treated it as a gift, and never thought (this is his friends' account) of repayment, though the evidence on this point is conflicting. The money was paid on the suggestion of Prince Bismarck, and it does not seem to have been believed, except by the recipient, that it came out of the Imperial privy purse. It must therefore have come either out of the "Fund at the disposition of the Supreme Power," which is granted annually to the Emperor by the Reichstag and the Prussian Chambers to meet contingencies which cannot well be put on the Estimates, or out of the Guelph Fund, the sequestrated property of the ex-King of Hanover, the surplus income of which has been used nominally to prevent attacks by him on the Empire; really, under Prince Bismarck, to subsidise the "Reptile Press" and for other purposes less reputable, after all, than the relief of distressed Ministers. But it seems to be the duty of the present Government to try and recover the money, which they are hardly likely to attempt. Indeed, Herr von Boetticher has received visits of sympathy from the Emperor and the present Chancellor. Even National Liberal papers, however, are calling for a reform of the Guelph Fund; and the sum would not, after all, be a high price to pay for the diversion of the main stream of support of the "Reptile Press" in the past.

There seems to be no doubt that Prince Bismarck has virtually accepted the candidature for the Reichstag at Geestemunde. As the Liberal has

retired, and the Socialist is a man of little mark (though his friends are working for him energetically), the chances (putting aside the Boetticher incident) are in favour of the ex-Chancellor.

The French Chambers have adjourned until April 15th, and will then discuss the tariff for about two months. The committee on the Races Regulation Bill have resolved to recommend that the "*pari mutuel*" be permitted on racecourses, provided a tax for charitable purposes is levied on the proceeds, and that all other betting be prohibited. Substantially, this is the scheme recently rejected by the Chamber; but it is probably the best compromise practicable. Domiciliary visits of the police to certain Boulangists and anarchists on the occasion of the reorganisation of the "Ligue des Patriotes" at the end of last week received more notice in the English papers than they probably merited. Fresh adhesions of the Episcopate to the Republic are reported, and the earnest appeal of M. Jules Ferry, at the dinner of the Union Républicaine last Saturday, at Montmartre, to the two sections of the Republican party to combine and thereby get rid of Ministerial crises, and his eloquent peroration addressed to the youth of France, form a good introduction to the programme which, it is understood, he will develop next month in the provinces.

The result of the debate of last Saturday in the Italian Chamber shows that the present Government has attained a fair degree of stability. The vote of confidence (passed after several scenes and the withdrawal of three or four alternative resolutions) by 256 to 96 (with 16 abstentions) indicates that the Government has a considerable margin, even without the aid of the Extreme Left, whose support is conditional on its undertaking considerable political and economical reforms, but who only number thirty members. The charge of subservience to the Vatican, brought against the Government during the debate and vigorously condemned then and there by our Italian correspondent, no doubt has reference to the proposed reduction of expenditure on the schools at present maintained for Italian residents abroad, and in itself is regrettable. Last Saturday's vote may be taken to be a vote against Signor Crispi, even more than a vote of confidence in the Government, though it is significant that the organ of the important "Piedmontese group" of deputies treats it as a considerable Ministerial victory.

The Emperor of Abyssinia declines to recognise the treaty signed in his name by Ras Aloula, which practically made him a subject ally of Italy, and, according to the unofficial report, the Italian embassy to him have had to make a hasty retreat; while Hedad Kantibai, Sultan of Hadad and brother and successor of the Hamed Kantibai who is now in penal servitude on a charge of treason, has just been arrested on the same charge. The present Ministry has indeed exercised a wise discretion in renouncing the extension of the rule of Italy in Abyssinia. Menelek is now said to regret his conduct; but, meanwhile, a Russian expedition (for scientific purposes of course) is projected, which will probably make him change his mind again.

There is some doubt as to whether the Austrian Premier has resumed the negotiations with the Liberal leaders which were broken off early last week. The Liberals in the Reichstag—which consists of 353 members—number 110; the Poles 57; these two sections, it was said, were to be made the nucleus of the Ministerial party, and it is reported that Count Taaffe attempted to obtain the consent of the Liberals to act with a third group, and that this caused the rupture of the negotiations. It is still expected that Count Taaffe will probably trust to temporary and shifting re-arrangements of conflicting groups to give him a working majority; but it is said he is now balancing the merits of the Liberals and the Young Czechs as a nucleus. Under these circumstances some interest attaches to the attempt of Count Hohenwart, formerly Count Taaffe's faithful supporter, and the only Austrian statesman of the first rank who definitely favours a policy of decentralisation and federalism, to organise a Conservative party out of Dalmatians, Slovenes, Bohemian landowners, Moravian Czechs, the Clericals from the Italian Tyrol and other small fractions—together a body of about eighty, which would be the second largest group in the Reichstag, and it is thought would be fairly compact. Indeed, Herr Jaworski, the Polish leader, is said to demand the inclusion of this group as a condition of his entering the proposed coalition. At any rate, there is not now much chance of that Liberal policy of financial and social reform which was promised when the Reichstag was dissolved. The dissolution seems, in fact, only another step in the Slavonisation of Austria.

The leaders of the recent revolt at Oporto have been sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from six months to six years, supplemented in the graver cases by long terms of transportation. Considering the alleged state of feeling in Portugal the sentences seem wisely lenient. There are fresh rumours of a change of Ministry, and Señor Martens Ferrao and Dr. José Dias Ferreira are spoken of as likely to be sent for by the King.

Last week, the Diet of Finland closed its Session, and was assured by the Czar, in a rescript, that the liberties of the country would be respected except in a few points in which they conflicted with Russian usage. That this may cover a good deal of limitation may be seen from Madame Novikoff's defence of Russian action in Finland, in the *Pall Mall Gazette* about a month ago. She specifies the difference in coinage, and in the official language, the separate Custom House, and the independence of the magistracy—all, by the way, features of the Channel Islands—as outrages on the unity of the Russian Empire. The chief use of the rescript will probably be to check the constant attacks on Finland made by the Russian press.

The Ministerial party in Holland may very likely break up even before the General Elections in June. A committee of the Second Chamber (which, by the way, is strongly Liberal) has reported in favour of the new military law, which enforces compulsory service and is therefore detested by the Ultramontane section of the Ministerialists; and the retirement of the Minister of Marine under circumstances which make him somewhat ridiculous is said to be only the first of a series of changes in the Ministry.

The new Servian Ministry is doing its best to get rid both of the ex-King and of Queen Natalie during the minority of King Alexander. The mutual recriminations of the ex-King and his former Minister M. Garaschanine as to the alleged assassination in prison in 1882 of the two women, Markovitch and Knitchanine, have led as yet to no definite result. A duel is talked of, and the trial of the Minister is impending. A tariff war with Austria seems probable.

Fresh atrocities and severe fighting are reported from Chili. The Government of President Balmaceda, though it has effected a "strategic withdrawal" from the nitrate district, is alleged to be gaining strength, and to have secured a small naval force. The end seems to be distant.

THE GOVERNMENT AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

WHILE I agree with much of what THE SPEAKER said last week upon the state of things in Newfoundland, and with most of that which you have previously published upon the subject, I hold so strong a view against the Bill which was brought in late last week that I will ask permission to put before your readers some considerations with regard to it. There is a very general disposition among Liberals to praise Lord Salisbury's foreign and colonial policy, while

blaming his home politics. I have already had the opportunity of criticising the arrangement by which the colony of Heligoland was gratuitously thrown into a bad settlement, as it seems to me, with Germany in Africa, and shall be glad to avail myself of this opportunity of pointing out the reasons why I think that our whole modern colonial system is being jeopardised by the present proposals of the Government about Newfoundland.

I have previously stated my view as to the French claim with regard to the erection of lobster factories upon the Newfoundland shore, and my dislike of the *modus vivendi*, which seemed in some degree to recognise the possibility of a good foundation for the French claim, having been agreed to last year without the previous consent of the colony. Your readers will remember that under it no further lobster factories were to be erected by either the French or the colonists; and the *modus vivendi* suggested that recourse would be had to arbitration upon the question of whether the undoubted right of the French, under the Treaty of Utrecht, to land and dry fish and nets on a portion of the coast of Newfoundland, could be extended to include the erection of lobster-canning factories, or whether it must be read strictly, being a limitation of British sovereignty upon British soil. This question, I confess, seems to me so plain that I think it is a case where we should have laid down our own interpretation of the Treaty and adhered to it; but if a different plan were to be pursued, then some attempt ought to have been made to bring the colony with us in the negotiation. The contrary course, and a high-handed course, has been pursued, which, it may be said without hesitation, would not have been pursued if the colony in question had been Queensland, or Victoria, or New South Wales, or New Zealand, or the Canadian Dominion. Newfoundland has been bullied because she is weak, and poor, and little-powerful in arms. She resents her treatment by the Mother Country bitterly, and, to my mind, with justice.

Captain Sir Baldwin Walker received orders from the Imperial Government to close certain newly erected or newly opened colonial lobster-tinning establishments on what is styled the French Shore, though it is British soil, and a part of the colony governed by a colonial Cabinet and Legislature. The naval captain did so, was sued for trespass, and pleaded that the trespass was an act of State, committed under the orders and authority of the Government of the Mother Country. It is the fashion, in these days, to say that the American colonies had right upon their side in their secession from the Mother Country; but the actions of the Imperial Government which led to the secession of the colonies now forming the United States were mild and legal as compared with the action taken in this Baird-Walker case towards Newfoundland. Without the smallest consultation with the colony as a colony (although its Prime Minister was personally informed of what was going to be done), without any consultation with the colonial Legislature, an agreement is arrived at with a foreign Power on a question absolutely colonial, and then that agreement is forced upon individual colonists, against the unanimous feeling of the local Legislature, by arbitrary acts, committed under circumstances of the most obvious illegality. The Courts held, when the case was tried, that there was not the smallest ground which could be shown to legalise Sir Baldwin Walker's action; and the Courts held, as any Courts must have held, that all questions of the validity and interpretation of all instruments and evidences of title and authority rest with the competent Courts within whose jurisdiction the cause arises—that is, with the colonial Courts. A vote of money is now to be proposed to compensate the parties upon whose property an illegal trespass was committed by Sir Baldwin Walker, and another vote, I presume, to pay Sir Baldwin Walker's legal charges; and these two votes would in any case have afforded to the Imperial Parliament an excellent opportunity for discussing the treatment which the colony has received. The Government have provided Parliament with another opportunity. They have brought in a Bill virtually to reverse the decision of the Courts in Sir Baldwin Walker's case, and to give Sir Baldwin Walker and future commanders of our squadron upon the station a legitimate ground for commencing civil war against colonists of our own race. These will be fellow-subjects of our own, acting as we should act if we were they, not even violating a treaty monstrous in its terms and wholly out of date, such as the Treaty of Utrecht, in those provisions which concern the so-called French Shore, but resisting an absolutely indefensible and arbitrary extension of that treaty to cover territorial establishment upon British soil. The Bill over-rides the rights of the colonial Cabinet and Legislature; it does so without necessity; and it does so in a manner which no powerful colony would meet by any other action than immediate secession from the Crown. The Bill forms a new departure of the gravest kind.

Suppose, for the sake of argument, that any Australian colony has ever violated Imperial laws by refusing to receive within its territories, even in some cases without previous Colonial Acts, former convicts pardoned by the Crown; suppose that any such colonies have arbitrarily put on board ship Irish informers, unconvicted British subjects, whose presence was disagreeable to them; suppose such Australian colonies have in the case of the Chinese race violated our treaties with China, and the rights of British subjects of Chinese race. In such cases, similar action by the British Parliament to that now proposed against Newfoundland would have been at least defensible, if unwise. Has such a Bill ever been proposed? If not, why? Because New South Wales and Victoria are strong powers, which would have taken short steps to bring such legislation to an end by putting the Governor on board ship and sending him to sea, if not all the way home, on board a colonial man-of-war. But Newfoundland has not violated our engagements; she has not violated British law; she has committed as a colony no act of even doubtful legality. What she has done has been, not to prevent her subjects from taking steps which, to my mind, they have an absolute right to take, even under the most liberal interpretation of the Treaty of Utrecht.

The legislation that the Government is proposing, may not be without consequences in other portions of the Empire. Australia and Newfoundland are separated by half the world, but I am by no means certain that the Governments of the great southern colonies will not argue that what is being done against the Newfoundlanders may not be attempted against themselves, and that a powerful impetus will not be given by the present Bill to the secessionist feeling, which is strong in Queensland, and which has for it a powerful minority in New South Wales.

An Australian colony, as I say, would have met such action as has been taken towards Newfoundland by putting the Governor on board ship, and by starting a new life for itself. The Newfoundland Parliament has not done this, and has acted cautiously. It has only humbly and earnestly prayed and begged that the legislation contemplated should be delayed until the Colonial Parliament can be heard. The draft Bill was not communicated to the Newfoundland Parliament. It was known to our Government that they had expressed a strong opinion against the so-called *modus vivendi* with the French, as being absolutely hostile to the interest of the colony. The apologists of our Government mix up two questions which have nothing to do with one another. The *modus vivendi* concerns an obviously wrongful attempt to extend the provisions for landing and drying fish and nets, so as to cover the erection of permanent establishments on the coast. The Newfoundlanders are willing that we should negotiate—nay, that

we should arbitrate—upon the whole question of French rights under the Treaty of Utrecht. But they insist, and in my opinion rightly, that we should not arbitrate upon one point only, upon which they are clearly right, and exclude from the arbitration those graver questions which lie behind; which, when the arbitration is over, will still be unsettled, and must lead to certain conflict in the future.

The action of the Government in the House of Lords was extraordinarily sudden, yet they admitted their knowledge of the irritation which already existed against them in the colony. The Bill introduced by Government is intended to revive certain powers formerly vested in the Crown, and concerning colonies and colonial soil, which were, by the wisdom of Parliament, allowed to lapse in 1834. Before 1834 the present system of responsible government within the absolutely self-governing colonies was unknown. There were some colonies with legislative assemblies in greater or less degree elective; but they were not like the colonies possessing responsible institutions in the present day, of which Newfoundland is one. The Government argue that Parliament is within its rights. It is impossible to say where the rights of Parliament end. It has legislated for districts outside the British dominions—for the heart of Africa, for the Pacific—and has established a High Commissioner, who possesses enormous powers, by British laws over persons who are not subjects of the British Crown (not being subjects of other civilised Powers) in places not within British territory. No man can say where the powers of Parliament end; but the authors of the Bill themselves admit that it is a novel course to introduce in these days such legislation with regard to colonies possessing responsible government. The Government admit that a strong case must be made out for such legislation, and they think that they have done so. But, to my mind, an overwhelming case ought, in such an instance, to be shown.

The question is not to the Newfoundlanders a merely constitutional and theoretical one. It is a question of life and death. Lobster-canning is an industry which is rapidly increasing in many parts of the world; and the Newfoundland coast is well suited for the purpose. It is almost the only industry flourishing in Newfoundland, and it is rapidly beginning to provide increased employment among a population which is very poor. Fish have left the coast of Newfoundland for the great banks. The French fishing fleet no longer resorts to the Newfoundland coasts, and but a few ships go there. The lobster, however, is not given to migration. The colonial Government have protested against the *modus vivendi* concerning lobsters from the first. Their sheet-anchor is a despatch from the British Government of 1857, in which it is admitted that the rights enjoyed by the colonists of Newfoundland are not to be ceded without their consent, and that the constitutional mode of submitting measures for that consent is by laying them before the colonial legislature, and that the consent of the community is regarded by us as an essential preliminary to any modification of their rights. The Government contend that the *modus vivendi* and the present Bill do not cede any right, and therefore do not break through this principle. If so, the difficulty will have to be faced a little later, because if the strange foreign arbitrators, who have been picked up in the Russian Foreign Office and elsewhere, should, for political reasons, decide against us, then the *modus vivendi* will, under the present Bill, should it unfortunately become an Act, have to be forced upon the colony by deeds of civil war committed by our sailors, in the name of the Queen, against her loyal and devoted subjects of our own race. Lord Salisbury has defended his Bill by telling us that we are only paying the penalty for the intrigues of Lord Bolingbroke, who made a mess for us of the Treaty of Utrecht, and for the forgetfulness of Lord Castlereagh to remedy the matter at Vienna in 1815. These historical arguments will hardly have much weight with the colonial Parliament and people; and Lord Salisbury's elaborate assertion, by which he concluded his speech, that the "rights of France would be enforced on that coast, whatever might be the form of the government in that colony," is merely idle in face of the fact that France would sell her rights in five minutes to the United States if Newfoundland was an American State, and that she refuses to sell them to us only because of her irritation about Egypt. The colonists are not children, and the facts which govern the situation are as thoroughly well known to men of the stamp of the second of the official delegates who were here last year as to any among ourselves.

CHARLES W. DILKE.

LONDON—BLACK AND BLUE.

FEW private views have any picture to compare in human interest with the gigantic "Poverty Map" of London, to which Mr. Charles Booth invited the critics on Saturday last. The enthusiastic editor of "Life and Labour in East London" displayed upon his staircase a vivid compendium of the results of seven years' devoted labour of himself and a whole band of assistants. There, in colours varying from black to bright orange, is portrayed the average social status of the inhabitants of each street. About fifty square miles of the heart of the metropolis stand revealed to us as we gaze; passing from the black patches which mark the homes of classes A and B, "the vicious, loafers, and semi-criminals," and "the very poor, at casual earnings," through the blues and reds of classes C to F, the great mass of the wage-earners, up to the brilliant orange of class H—how scarce it is!—the "upper middle" and superior classes.

How much work has gone to the taking of this great census of social status only Mr. Booth could tell. The basis of it all has been the books of the 250 School Board visitors of the metropolis, in which are recorded the family circumstances of seven-eighths of the whole population. The information thus obtained has been verified by inquiries among the clergy and district visitors; by asking the ubiquitous policeman; by consulting the relieving officers and the agents of the Charity Organisation Society; and, finally, by invoking the assistance of specialist experts for different localities and particular subjects. The character of each street has then been marked by the appropriate colour on the 25-inch ordnance map. Such a picture of the actual social condition of London has never before been produced.

Follow, for instance, the blacks and sombre blues of the very poorest of the "residuum," whose condition, even the optimistic Mr. Giffen tells us, is a stain on our civilisation. Among them live usually the more affluent criminal and semi-criminal class, forming, with the loafers, the vicious, and the utterly demoralised, Mr. Booth's "Class A." But of this class there are, it appears, only some 50,000 (men, women, and children) in all London; or little more than 1 per cent. of the population. Class B, living "in chronic want," the "casual" poor, outnumber them sixfold, and account for some 300,000 souls. See how their sombre colouring darkens nearly all the East End, though this is everywhere shot through with lines and patches of red. In Bethnal Green and St. George's-in-the-East, round Spitalfields Church, and about Hoxton Market the black gathers into thick blotches. Nor do we lose it entirely anywhere in the map. The north side of the Thames has more of it than the south, although part of Bermondsey is very black—and north Lambeth; whilst large areas in Deptford and Greenwich show that destitution is not confined to the central districts. On the north

side the black breaks out, like a malignant eruption, all through Clerkenwell, in St. Giles's, in the courts behind Regent Street, in Lisson Grove, under the shadow of Westminster Abbey, and in a few isolated blotches in Chelsea as yet spared by Lord Cadogan.

These are the social plague-spots of the London of to-day, the Nemesis of the individualistic neglect which for generations denied to the metropolis any effective machinery for the discharge of its collective duties. These are the homes of the "Submerged Tenth" amongst us, the Devil's Tithe of the richest city in the world. One in every eight of its population dies in the workhouse; one in every five is buried at the cost of public charity of one kind or another.

A second map includes the whole 119 square miles of the "province covered with houses" which is under the rule of the County Council. This is coloured so as to show the social condition of the people, not street by street, but district by district. The whole metropolis is divided into about 150 blocks, each containing as nearly as possible 30,000 inhabitants. The area of the blocks varies, therefore, according to the density of the population. Coloured on Mr. Booth's usual chromatic "poverty scale," it is at once noticeable that the largest blocks have the lightest hues. The sombre colouring which marks extreme poverty marks also those blocks which comparative density of population makes relatively small in area. This map therefore confirms with graphic clearness the generalisation which Mr. Booth impressed upon the Statistical Society two and a half years ago. Denseness of population is, in the London of to-day, a concomitant of poverty. Every rise in the standard of comfort is marked by an increase in our average distance from our fellows. The universal luxury is elbow-room. The millionaire takes up a whole suite of rooms for his own use, and keeps many similar suites vacant. The corollary of the millionaire is the nightly tenant of one-fourth of a pig-stye of a room in a London slum, and even the latter, be it remembered, is an occupier of a "dwelling-house" under Sir Charles Dilke's Act of 1878, and so constructively a "ratepayer" and potential elector.

Mr. Booth hopes to publish the second volume of his great work in a few weeks' time, and it will then be possible to obtain, in reduced form, copies of these marvellous maps. We hope that they will set to work inquirers in other great cities who would accept it as their mission to portray in a similar manner the social condition of their own towns. Manchester is already leading in this direction, and Mr. Booth ought to be able to set his own Liverpool to the task. Other maps in the volume will picture to us the degree to which each district is inhabited by immigrants into London. We believe that it will be seen, as Mr. Llewellyn Smith has already pointed out, that the most poverty-stricken districts are inhabited almost exclusively by Londoners born. Bethnal Green is practically the blackest district in the "Poverty Map," but it is the brightest in the "Migration Map." The immigrant from the fields does not, as is commonly supposed, sink down promptly to the condition of a "docker" or a casual labourer. On the contrary, he tends rather to elbow the Cockney into these residual occupations, and manages himself to maintain a higher position. The evil of the crowding into London is not so much to the newcomer as to the degenerate offspring of his precursor a generation before.

It is impossible, in studying the fascinating results of Mr. Booth's industry, not to feel some regret that he has not at his command the whole staff by whose aid the Registrar-General is going to do little more than count noses. It is easy to imagine how, in Mr. Booth's practised hands, the enumeration of the approaching census for the metropolis could be made of immensely greater use without any increased cost to the public. We do not know whether Mr. Booth has any idea of getting from these enumerators the kind of help which the School Board visitors have during the last five years been quietly giving him. If he has any such project, we trust that Sir Brydges Henniker will follow the example of the School Board, and shut his eyes. No work of greater value than Mr. Booth's can be imagined; no man is likely to contribute more towards that social regeneration of the metropolis of the Empire which all admit to have become one of the most urgent needs of the time.

THE MODERN MONARCH.*

WHAT is written about kings in their lifetime is seldom acceptable as the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. But "Politikos," whoever he is, seems a trustworthy guide to what the showman calls "the Principal Courts of Europe." There is certainly more of the critic than of the courtier in him. He praises freely, but he never worships; and he has contrived to see the man under the crown that tops the monarch.

He has done the kings some service, in that he has made it quite impossible for anybody to envy them. No divinity hedges any king in nineteenth-century Europe. Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "working monarch" is the general type. The modern monarch gets up very early, and goes to bed very late. If he ever takes an extra ten minutes between the sheets in the morning, he has to work ten minutes longer in the evening. He gets hardly any real fun out of life. In business hours he takes his duties strenuously, and the hours that are not devoted to business are barely worth numbering.

It may be said without exaggeration that the biography of every great European Sovereign of to-day is to be found in the history of his kingdom. What this means is, that the king becomes merged in his office. He lives for his public duties. The constitutional monarch is the merest bureaucrat. He has no initiative; his personal opinions or desires count for little; and if he is a self-willed man, with strong views of his own, like the King of Denmark, he has to choose between self-effacement and abdication. The autocrat himself has ceased (in Europe) to be an autocrat, in fact. What European ruler ever possessed less actual power than the reigning Czar of all the Russias? No monarch lives happily in these days, unless, like the King of Italy, he strives to catch and to obey the most intelligent voice in his dominions.

"Politikos" makes it clear that most modern monarchs must be content to reign without ruling. Christian of Denmark has a will of his own, and is in chronic feud with his Parliament. He is a strong king in Europe, *fin de siècle*, who can afford to let his subjects know his real political leanings. The most intimate adviser of the King of the Belgians would be puzzled to say whether he is a Conservative or a Liberal at heart. Oscar of Sweden sinks every private ambition in the endeavour (not wholly successful) to harmonise the opposing aspirations of two nations who have been "artificially put together into harness." Franz Josef of Austria (whom "Politikos" describes as the only Sovereign in Europe who dare lounge about his own capital), "born to govern brilliantly," has perforce "renounced personal power," and drives fourteen States abreast while seeming to be the least authoritative person in his kingdom.

Few kings rule nowadays as they themselves would choose to do; but most of them make the best of exceedingly difficult situations, and their success as Sovereigns is in proportion to their ability to live, not for themselves, but for their countries. There is a certain pathos in the position of the

*"The Sovereigns and Courts of Europe." By "Politikos." London: T. Fisher Unwin.

monarch who, having ascended the throne against his will, strives gallantly through a lifetime to be true to his tremendous trust. To cite three conspicuous examples, the Czar of Russia, the King of Sweden, and the Sultan of Turkey would none of them be reigning now had their choice been free. Each of the trio is a monarch *malgré lui*; each would have been happier as a subject than he is as a Sovereign. The King of the Belgians "above all things loves a quiet life and devotion to scientific work." Think, again, what must be the position of the young man who is suddenly chosen, without preparation, and with scarcely a voice in the matter, to rule a land of the very language of which he is ignorant. Prince George of Denmark was just eighteen when he became by election the King of Greece. Franz Josef was the same age when he took the burden of Austria on his shoulders, and stole by night into his capital, which had been seized and sacked. "Farewell, my youth!" he exclaimed. Young Charles of Roumania journeyed to his kingdom *incognito*, and second-class, disguised as a commercial traveller.

Following "Politikos" from one Court of Europe to another, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that no man would willingly become a king in these days if he were first allowed to prove the weight of his crown. Intrigue and conspiracy are in the antechamber of every Sovereign whose power is more than nominal; political and social troubles beset his daily path, which is mostly a narrow one, and prescribed for him, if not by duty, then by tradition or by law. Strong or weak, autocrat or constitutional monarch, he can seldom in our days say, "This thing shall be done, because I am Sovereign, and will it!" There is no real autocrat in modern Europe, and the nominal autocrat is frequently the least powerful of rulers. The kings who reign most surely (a single exception may, perhaps, be made in favour of the young German Emperor) are those who—whatever their titular authority—have learned how to efface themselves in the interests of their subjects. The ambitious man, unless he is at once able to rule and permitted to rule, is predestined to failure.

But they are all expected to work hard. Fortunately, most of them are endowed with exceptional gifts of industry. Certain among them, like the German Emperor and the Emperor of Austria, are toilers by nature; they cannot find enough to do. The German Wilhelm appears not to care a fig for pleasure. The Emperor of Austria, who "takes his breakfast hurriedly at a corner of his desk," is often found hard at work at four in the morning. Humbert of Italy and Charles of Roumania are up at early dawn, and the King of the Belgians (who sleeps in a camp-bed) rises at six, winter and summer. There is hardly a Sovereign in Europe who does not see the first flush of the sun every day of the year. An exception might be looked for in Turkey, but "Politikos" assures us that Abdul Hamid II. quits his couch early, and is a tireless worker. The royal couple of Roumania "have often to talk for twelve or even fifteen hours at a stretch," and "when she and the king sit down to dinner they are sometimes so tired that they cannot speak a word." No; these modern monarchs are frequently to be admired, but they are very, very rarely to be envied.

Then for their recreations. "A man of pleasure is a man of pains," wrote Young. Most modern monarchs are men of pains, but "Politikos" forbids us to believe that many of them are men of pleasure. Indeed, it seems scarcely possible that they should be. With smaller leisure than a bank clerk, they must needs snatch their pleasures when and how they can. Being compelled to work immoderately, they are of necessity compelled to amuse themselves simply. The King of Denmark is partial to a rubber of whist o' nights, or an hour at the theatre. The Emperor William does a little with his brush, "painting very fairly." Oscar of Sweden ("almost an ideal personage") "likes nothing better than a long yarn with some old sea comrade," unless it be the inditing of a poem or an essay. The Sultan of Turkey ("his women find him cold") writes little farces and operettas in French. "Russia," "Belgium," and "Denmark" are all great walkers. "Greece" is a good shot and whip. "It is only at the chase that" Franz Josef "becomes himself." The King of Italy, who was never known to put up an umbrella, finds his "greatest pleasure . . . in passing whole weeks under canvas in the mountains of the Valley of Aosta, stalking the chamois, eating the same hard fare as the peasants." The boyish Sovereign of Portugal "is a mighty hunter." In their habits at table, these gentlemen are rather Pythagorean than Pantagruelian.

The very hard worker who is happily married often seeks his dearest pleasures in the bosom of his family, and "Politikos" draws some charming pictures of the domestic lives of the Sovereigns of Europe. Most beautiful and patriarchal is the home-life of the royal family of Denmark. "Happy in the love of his family, of his friends," is Oscar of Sweden. "Happy hours of relaxation are those" which the King and Queen of Greece spend together in their summer residence at Corfu, when "the King turns farmer, and the Queen becomes a musician and a painter." A friend whispers the King of Italy that Queen Marghérita is dreadfully troubled about the length of her milliner's bill. His Majesty slips the receipted bill under her plate as a birthday present. The Emperor of Austria spends the fortieth anniversary of his accession in his castle of Miramar on the Adriatic, "in the strictest seclusion, with no company but that of his wife and his thoughts." "Nature cut him out for a simple *bourgeois*," says "Politikos" of the muscular and melancholy Alexander of Russia, and "to see the Emperor to the best advantage, he must be seen in the bosom of his family." Abdul Hamid of Turkey "is devoted to his children," and "dinner over, . . . he will retire into the harem, where his daughters play and sing to him."

But these quiet pleasures are dearly bought, and "Politikos" convinces us that the *rôle* of the modern monarch is as disagreeable as it is difficult. Few of us would care to attempt it, and very few of us would succeed in it.

THE POPULARITY OF "PICKWICK."

"THE History of Pickwick," which Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has just given to the world, has about the same intrinsic merit as any other of that gentleman's compilations. His fellow-members of the Athenæum Club have not yet taught him to use "and which" correctly in his sentences; there is no index, and there is a vast deal of misquotation and vain repetition. As usual, Mr. Fitzgerald has carried his subject to his publishers as the Roman gentleman took his peacock to the baths—undigested. The manner of the book's execution suggests that its author, having nothing to do in his club, one afternoon, took down a copy of "Pickwick" and began to count the number of characters in that "immortal work." He made out (including Red-faced Nixon and "the late Lord Chancellor") that they were 360, or thereabouts. Next came the inns ("most good novels are full of inns," says the writer of *Obiter Dicta*), and these came to no less than twenty-two. Next—we will assume—reflecting that the British Public, like the friends of Mr. Peter Magnus, is "easily amused," he moved from the easy-chair to the writing-table and invited the help of a few Dickens-enthusiasts and collectors of first editions: and out of their replies, some easily accessible data, and a few critical paragraphs, has constructed something which, if not a book exactly, may fairly be called a volume.

Nevertheless this "History" serves a purpose. It helps us to understand the full meaning of the proposition to which we have all assented a hundred times—that "Pickwick" is the most popular book of

the century. Conceive a sale of more than a million copies since Dickens's death in 1870: conceive the work translated into all impossible tongues, appearing now as "Udtog af Pikvik-Klubbens, efterladte Papirer, Frit oversat, af a Andressen. Kjbenhaven. 1881," and again as "Die Pickwickier, oder Herren Pickwick's und der correspondirenden Mitglieder des Pickwick Club's Kreuz- und Quer-züge, Abentheuer und Thaten. Von Boz [pronounced 'Boats' we believe], mit Federzeichnungen nach Phiz": and even yet we have not touched the main evidence of its hold on mankind. Ever since November, 1837, when the last of the "green numbers" appeared, people have been trying to identify the three hundred and sixty-odd characters who moved in the pages. They simply refuse to believe that Pickwick, Sam Weller, Pott, Jingle, Dodson & Fogg, Serjeant Buzfuz were not men who actually walked this earth. These figures have passed out of fiction into history. Who was Mr. Pickwick? His name belongs to a well-known proprietor of the Bath and London coach; but the drab tights and gaiters came from "a fat old beau" at Richmond. Who was Sam Weller? The name "Weller" is that of Dickens's nurse; some hold that Sam was Sam Vale, a popular actor of the time, while Mr. Langton in his "Childhood and Youth of Dickens" (Hutchinson) says, "there are also still living two Sam Wellers, one of them described to me as 'an aged man now.'" It is enough for us that of the male Wellers born in England since 1837, an immense proportion bear the name of Samuel. Serjeant Buzfuz was Serjeant Bompas; Mr. Justice Stareleigh was Mr. Justice Gazelee; Dr. Slammer, according to Mr. Langton, was a Doctor Lamert of Chatham, who married Dickens's aunt; but according to Mr. Fitzgerald he was sketched from a Dr. Sam Piper of the same town. As Dr. Piper, on the publication of "Pickwick," "naturally thought of calling out the author, and, on second thoughts, of prosecuting him for libel," he shall have our vote. Count Smorltork was modelled on a certain Prince Puckler-Muskau (called "Pickled-Mustard" by the vulgar), who had, a short while before, travelled through England with a note-book—and so on. They even dispute over the parentage of the Fat Boy.

Croker's testimony to the book's immediate popularity is well known—"Pickwick chintzes figured in linen-drapers' shops, and Weller corduroys in breeches-makers' advertisements; Boz cabs might be seen rattling through the streets, and the portrait of the author of Pelham or Crighton was scraped down or pasted over to make room for that of the new popular favourite in the omnibuses." Then there were "Pickwick" canes, hats, gaiters, tobacco-stoppers; and some years later appeared that "small, cheap, and convenient" cigar, the Penny Pickwick. Familiar, too, is the tale of the dying man who ejaculated, as his spiritual adviser left the room, "Well, thank God, 'Pickwick' will be out in ten days, any way!" They show, at the Bodleian, a stained and battered copy of the book, in the Russian language, which the besiegers of Sevastopol found among the dreadful ruins of the Sedan. "It is evidence of the extraordinary vitality of the story," says Mr. Fitzgerald, "that such works as Murray's Handl ook and the A B C Railway Guide gravely record, as if communicating a fact of actual historical interest, that at this house (the White Horse, Ipswich) '*occurred* Mr. Pickwick's remarkable adventure with the lady in yellow curl-papers';—while the Bull '*was honoured* by the visit of Mr. Pickwick.'" The landlord of the Great White Horse was asked, "Is this not the hotel Mr. Pickwick is supposed to have put up at?" "Supposed!" he broke out, "I've the very carving-knife and fork he used when he was here: ivory-mounted, they are; they go with the hotel, and were handed to me when I took it." The case of Bardell *v.* Pickwick has even found its way into a legal text-book. When Sam, in the witness-box, stated that in Mr. Pickwick's service there was "quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said ven they ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes," Mr. Justice Stareleigh, as all the world is aware, interposed. "You must not tell us what the soldier or any other man said, sir: it's not evidence," and in "Taylor on Evidence" his lordship's ruling is gravely quoted. But even history has borrowed from this celebrated case. "I had a curious coincidence happen to me once," writes Mr. Bompas, Q.C., the son of "Serjeant Buzfuz": "A client wrote to apply to the court to excuse a juror on the ground that he was a chemist, and had no assistant who understood the drugs. It was not till I made the application, and the court began to laugh, that I remembered the Pickwick trial. I believe the application was quite *bonâ fide*, and not at all in imitation of it."

In fact this book not only took the world by storm when it appeared, but has been studied with a careful ardour ever since. Calverley's famous Examination Paper has been taken quite seriously by thousands. At one point Sam upbraids his father with "prophesying away like a red-faced Nixon." "Who wos he?" asks Mr. Weller Senior. "Never mind who he wos—he wosn't a coachman, that's enough for you." But it hasn't been enough for lovers of "Pickwick," and the question, "Who wos he?" has vexed all of us. We confess to a thrill of pleasure when we read that lately, in a bookseller's catalogue, Mr. Fitzgerald found the following entry—"Nixon's Cheshire Prophecy, with the prophecy at large. Coloured folding frontispiece representing Nixon." That we might not feel lonely, having laid Nixon's ghost, we turned to the list of characters in "Pickwick" and assured ourselves that, though we had read the tale more than a dozen times, we wanted to read it again at once. Who does not want to refurbish his acquaintance with the "shoving man" at the Review, the four "Somethingean" singers, the man in green foil smalls, Dismal Jemmy, "Number 20," Jack Bamber, and the man who died of eating crumpets? The last-mentioned, indeed, has appeared before in "Boswell." "Mr. ——, who loved buttered muffins, but durst not eat them because they disagreed with his stomach, resolved to shoot himself, and then ate three buttered muffins before breakfast, knowing that he should not be troubled with indigestion." "That appetite," comments Hain Friswell, "must indeed be morbid which is willing to purchase a solitary gratification, such as eating buttered muffins, at the expense of life itself!"

We cannot expect another such book as "Pickwick" in a century. Alone, perhaps, among novels it came so nearly home to men that ever since they have been unable to live entirely outside of it. One cannot speak evil of "Pickwick": it is like vilifying one's father. Who cares that the dates in the story are all wrong? or that in 1827 Mr. Jingle boasts of having fired a musket in the revolution of 1830? or that Mr. Pickwick, stout and elderly, took a five-and-twenty miles' walk "to get rid of the effects of the wine at breakfast"? The point is that, in our country, "Pickwick" is part of the blood of every true man since 1837.

AN EARLY EASTER.

THOUGH there has never been any difference of opinion among Christians as to *why* Easter is kept, there has been often long and bitter discussion as to *when* it should be kept. There was a time when the ecclesiastics were masters of the situation. Their fiat was law; at least among men, for the elements could master even them. They made rules about the feast-days of the Christian year, and these regulations have to a great extent been observed since in the several Christian countries. Even in Presbyterian Scotland the names of the seasons as fixed by the old Catholics are not entirely unknown. Bank holidays are held on Christmas Day and Good Friday, as well as on the State Church fast-days. Now Good Friday is not a fixed day in the year, as

Christmas is. Easter regulates the movable feast-days; and we hear children of all denominations speaking about the "Easter holidays."

"Easter Day," according to the Prayer Book, "is always the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after the twenty-first day of March; and if the full moon happens upon a Sunday, Easter Day is the Sunday after." This was settled in 325 A.D., after a considerable controversy. In the earliest age of the Church the Christian paschal feast was held at two periods: in Asia Minor, on the same day as the Jewish Passover, *i.e.*, on the 14th of Nisan (the Jewish month corresponding to our March or April), whether on Sunday or not; and in the Western countries on the Sunday after that date. Towards the end of the second century the Bishop of Rome resolved to compel the Eastern Churches to observe the Sunday; and after a century's bitter strife an Apostolic Canon decreed that all who kept Easter before the vernal equinox (March 21) would be deposed. Matters went to such a length that Constantine settled the question almost as it is now adhered to. But he had no idea of the difficulties involved, otherwise he would have got quit of the moon altogether.

From the conditions of the Council of Nice, now slightly modified so as to be more intelligible, it follows that the Easter full moon cannot happen before the 21st of March. No doubt the sun enters Aries generally on the 20th (as this year), and sometimes on the 19th; and it is quite possible that a full moon may arrive after the true equinox, and yet precede the 21st of March. But that would not be the Easter moon of the calendar. For the same reason Easter Sunday cannot happen before the 22nd of March. If the full moon falls on the 21st, the new moon falls on the 8th. If the new moon was on the 7th, then the full moon would be on the 20th, or before the equinox, and therefore the next moon would be the Easter moon. In 1761 and 1818 Easter Day fell on the 22nd of March; but neither in this nor the following century will such be the case again. In 1845 and 1856 it fell on the 23rd of March, but this will not happen again until 1913. So that this is a comparatively *early* Easter. Looking at the calendar, we find that full moon occurs on the 25th March, which is after the 21st (spring equinox): accordingly the first Sunday after the 25th, *i.e.*, the 29th, is Easter Sunday.

In 1886 the date of Easter was very singular. The full moon was on the 20th of March, on a Saturday, just a day before the equinox. That could not therefore be the Easter moon. The full moon of April fell on a Sunday—the 18th; accordingly, the celebration was put off until the 25th, the very latest day on which Easter can happen. This remarkable occurrence had not been witnessed since 1736, and will not be seen again till the year 1943. In 1859, Easter fell on the 24th of April; and in 1848, on the 23rd of April. Easter cannot, therefore, happen before the 22nd of March, nor later than the 25th of April. One object in arranging the calendar moon was that the Christians' Easter might never fall on the same day as the Jews' Passover. Yet in 1805 and 1825 they occurred together. This will not happen again until the year 1903.

But early or late, Easter is always a joyful time. Most of the old customs and superstitions associated with the period have fallen into disuse, but as a holiday season it is duly recognised by all classes and all ages. Once on a time the poor were feasted in the churches on Easter Day; but this often led to much disorder. Slaves were freed, Lenten gloom was followed by a reactionary joy. "The Sunday of joy" is still called in the East the "Bright day." Farcical exhibitions were not unknown in the churches, when the clergy would relate laughable stories to excite the people. The salutation with a kiss is still observed in the Greek Church. In Russia red eggs are exchanged and caged birds are let loose. The Pace, Pasche, or Easter egg, containing the nucleus of life, is an emblem of the Resurrection. The escape of the birds is emblematical of the liberty granted on the Easter Day. In some English counties the practice of "lifting" is practised. On Easter Monday the men lift the women and heave them forward; and on Easter Tuesday the women return the compliment on the men. If a man wishes to escape the ordeal he must "fork out." There is a similar custom during harvest time in Scotland, when the women give the men "dowcie." In Durham, on Easter Monday the men claim the honour of removing the women's shoes; and on the following day the women exact a similar privilege. In other counties the parish clerk carries round to every house (after Good Friday's service is over) a white cake as an Easter offering, for which he receives a gratuity according to the ability of the giver. In some parts of Scotland the beadle of the parish church goes round to the parishioners on the last day of the year and receives meal, cheese, etc., from the several people as part of his wages.

Easter Day is the Queen of Festivals in the Christian Church, guarded by nine Sundays before and eight Sundays after; for these are all dependent upon Easter. The Presbyterians of Scotland—especially of the Established Church—are year by year advancing in the way of having special and suitable services in the Church on that day; for the austere opposition to culture in divine service is, fortunately, gradually dying away.

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

XXXIV.—In a Workman's Train.

IT was at five o'clock in the morning that a long walk of mine ended at the railway station of Twickenham. I was going to travel back with some other workmen to Waterloo. Already the grey dawn was coming up. Only a few minutes before I had seen the long shimmer of moonlight asleep on the dark water at Richmond Bridge, and had stood for a few minutes wondering at it—one always wonders at that old moonlight-on-water, although it is so easy to admire it. All that seemed very far away now; one did not think that it had happened thirty or forty minutes before; the grey dawn had changed things with its first touch, and the moments of rest and wonder on Richmond Bridge had become part of last night. But one still needed the gas-light in the booking-office at Twickenham, for the day was very young, and it was impossible to expect very much light from it at present. It improved later on, like an author. It had begun to be very cold—a trick that the baby day has about this season of the year. The time of the train was not yet for a few minutes; one sat and shivered, and read the useful and wearisome information that placards the walls of a booking-office, and watched workmen drift in, one by one. They came in slowly and uncertainly, stamped their feet, and spoke a few very familiar words to one another, before the booking-clerk arrived. There was the old-style workman, wearing the soft, conical felt hat, with a rustic air about him. His trousers were strapped below the knees; he carried certain things in a handkerchief, and seemed conscious of the whole of his great strong boots. There was the new-style workman, too, who wore a hard green-black hat and a dirty-white apron girt up about his waist. He was not aggressively humble—in fact, he was rather fierce, because the booking-office was not yet open. He carried a bag of tools, which he kept putting down in different places, as if he were trying to find some spot which should be worthy of it. Every time it was put down it clanked. And there were foremen who wore black overcoats and seemed as likely as not to be about to travel second class. At last the booking-clerk arrived, with the perfect punctuality which disdains to be too soon or too late, and a minute afterwards we were all crowding into the train.

My carriage was very crowded. An impetuous young man, with a fierce eye and red whiskers, dashed in at the last moment and sat down most defiantly on the side of the carriage—my side—where there was the least room. He pulled the unsmoked half of a real cigar from his pocket, and lit it very ostentatiously, as if he were only doing it to insult us. There was a boy in one corner of the carriage—boys always get the corner-seats—very red-cheeked and wide-eyed, who blew on his hands to warm them, and then stretched himself out, and took more than his fair share of room, just as if he had been a grown man. One of the foremen was travelling with us, and gave a tone to the carriage; one of the pockets of his black overcoat was bulged with an untidy, protruding parcel, done-up in pink newspaper; out of it protruded the tail of some unspeakable fish. I think it was a herring that had known happier days. The train did not seem to be in any particular hurry. We jogged along slowly. It was light enough now for me to see that there were certain things planted in rows by the side of the line, but not quite light enough for me to see what the things were. I fell asleep in the middle of a perfectly absurd conjecture about turnips. When I woke up, the impetuous red-whiskered young man was getting out at a station. His place was taken, shakily, by a very old man, who prophesied in a querulous voice, to the carriage generally, about the Boat-race—for it was the morning of the race. Nobody took much notice of him, and he was all wrong. It seemed to me a cruel thing that such old men should have to get up so very early. My feelings of compassion sent me to sleep again: compassion is generally somniferous. But then I was just at the end of a day, and the rest of the occupants of the carriage were just at the beginning of one. When I woke up again, we were at Vauxhall, and tickets were being collected. The foreman bought a morning paper here, but the rest of us were not prepared to do as much as this. The very old man was apparently just finishing a story: "And 'e says, 'Tike it or leave it: I'm not pressin' of yer.' So what were I to do? I said then as 'ow it were what I called a nawsty job, an' I says now as 'ow it's a nawsty job; I don't say no otherwise now to whort I said then. But whort with 'im talkin' like that, an' me bein' put to it, as yer might say, an' fust one thing and then another—where was I?"

He received a limited amount of sympathy, but there was not much conversation. It was too early in the morning. There was a great depression prevalent, apparently; they had all risen early, and they were all rather cold, and they all knew that things were not altered by talking about them. I just had time to fall asleep once more before we arrived at Waterloo.

If one might judge from the crowd on the platform, the train had been very full. Either the cold or a desire for punctuality made everybody in a hurry. We spread a little at the foot of the ascent to the station, but the majority of us went over Waterloo Bridge, where the noisy jangling of a little bell warned us that it was six o'clock.

FOOTBALL.

"HOW many hundred thousands of persons were at Kennington Oval to see the great football match on Saturday?" we were asked this week by a friend, who was surprised when we replied that the number was under thirty thousand. "I should have thought," he said, "that Nottingham alone sent that number." He is so little of a sportsman that we dared him to mention the name of the winning team. "Blackburn Rovers," he replied, and then explained how he knew all about it: "I happened to be in Nottingham on Saturday, and I assure you they talked of nothing else. A lace manufacturer wanted to know what I had 'on;' the crowds were not in the public-houses, but round windows on which the 'result' was to be posted; my barber asked what I had 'dropped;' my waiter told me he had 'hedged,' his brother had run up to London to see the match; and three strangers stopped me on my way to the station and asked excitedly which had won. I believe there are thirty thousand persons in Nottingham alone who could write the biography (to dictation) of every member of both teams."

It is, indeed, true that we must go into the provinces to discover what a hold Association football has upon the masses. Cricket happily remains the national pastime, inasmuch as it is played by a far greater number of people; but football draws the bigger crowds, and there is a somewhat doleful reason why. For the game itself we have chiefly praise. To the ignorant onlooker it is a brutal sport, in which the players do their best to fling away their legs and jump out of their skins; but a match between skilled teams is really to the initiated a beautiful sight—as scientific as chess, and hardly more dangerous than a stroll beneath telegraph wires. The three days' excitement of a cricket match is here condensed into two hours. Yet Association football has become a sport of ill-repute. The larger party of the spectators are semi-disreputable, the "scenes" inside the ropes and outside them are frequently disgraceful, rumours of matches "sold" are ever in the air, the young artisan who shows "international" form is paid to make a business of a sport, and nine times in ten is of little more use in the world. Rugby football is comparatively little played nowadays; yet, though it is the less interesting game of the two, it remains in a healthy condition. It is popular in the schools; it has not become, like the Association game, an excuse for betting. The stronger side wins, as a matter of course. The pastime is a recreation, not a calling; in short, Rugby football is in even a more wholesome state than cricket. This is not because there is something more manly about Rugby football than about the Association game. One could bet about Rugby football, and become a Rugby professional, and "sell" his side for a consideration; but it happened that the betting people took to Association football, and left the Rugby game to those who play for pleasure instead of for cups and twenty-pound notes. There are several reasons why the provincial sportsman should prefer to "put his money" on football rather than on horse racing. The excitement lasts through a season, and is red-hot every Saturday. He is an eye-witness of many of the contests. He knows all the representatives of the local teams. Not by any means does he always bet on that local team, but doubtless a feeling that is called patriotism often makes him do so. This same "patriotism" is responsible for many of the evils of Association football. It leads to a great deal of bad language and to blackguardly scenes when the local men are being beaten. It is also responsible for bringing into the local team men who are not local. The moment a player establishes a reputation for himself there is high bidding for his services, and he is induced to give up his work at one end of the United Kingdom and settle at the other end, where he will receive more money for playing football during the season than he got for shoemaking in a year. Permanent work at his craft is also offered him in many cases, but he has become a public performer, than which there are few things worse for the morals. Could he be a cricket professional in summer and a football professional in winter, he would have steady employment at games all the year round; but the combination of qualities is rare, and having much time on his hands, the professional frequently degenerates into a loafer and a rough. As it is at present, Association football cannot rank much higher than the old cock fights, and its reputation is with those who regret that pugilism is no longer what it was. It is a fine game, played chiefly by roughs for lucre; and those who take an interest in it, do so because they have something "on."

THE DRAMA.

MR. THOMAS THORNE'S new production at the Vaudeville, a play in four acts by Mr. Henry J. W. Dam, entitled *Diamond Deane*, has been, on the whole, very respectfully—perhaps too respectfully—received by the London press. "Oh, oui," says Mme. Chaumont in *Divorçons*, "je suis une femme très respectée," adding something to the effect that the fate of being universally respected is not, for lively temperaments, all beer and skittles. Here, I suspect, Mr. Dam may be of one mind with Mme. Chaumont. As a journalist, he was assured in advance of considerate treatment from fellow-journalists; and as an American who has elected to produce his first play in London, he might count on the indulgence of Londoners, flattered by his choice. But, being an intelligent man, he would probably have preferred to have his play taken on its intrinsic merits. That, at any rate, is how I shall ask his leave to take it; and, so taking it, shall venture to use language in regard to it not so much respectful as—like the language of Mr. Dam's "truthful" compatriot—frequent and free.

Diamond Deane appears to me to be a drawing-room melodrama of a conventional type. On the other hand, it has appeared to Mr. Dam's friends in the press—and possibly to Mr. Dam himself, in its inception—as something much more ambitious than that—as a play with a scientific basis: a psychological (word more comforting, to a certain order of minds, than many Mesopotamias!) experiment, a "study in criminology." Where does the "criminology" come in? If anywhere, it must clearly be in the character of the eponymous heroine—a lady in league with a gang of thieves, who has earned her nickname by her skill in insinuating herself into the confidence of British matrons, in order that she may purloin their jewellery. Let us, then, examine the behaviour of this young person, with an eye to its "criminological" aspect.

There are two sides to the dramatic treatment of crime, as there are two sides to a Bayswater omnibus—the outside and the inside. If anyone objects that this analysis is not sufficiently subtle for so scientific an affair as "criminology," I would point out to him that it has at least the merit of simplicity. And, perhaps, by the judicious use of index numbers, I may give it a properly scientific appearance. Thus:—

(1) The "outside" view of the criminal is that usually adopted in melodrama. You take your criminal ready-made, you provide him with plenty of cunning and resource, innumerable disguises, slow music in the orchestra, and you pit him against a detective, equally cunning and resourceful, own brother to M. Lecoq, warranted to say "I think I have seen that face before" at any moment, and to identify all the personages in the play by reference to a note-book. In the contest of wits, the detective ultimately triumphs, and the play ends with handcuffs. That is the common "police drama." Needless to say, it has nothing to do with "criminology."

(2) The "inside" view of the criminal is, for obvious reasons, more common in novels than in plays. It admits us to the innermost recesses of the criminal's mind, shows us why he became a criminal, and, probably, why he is anxious to cease being one. Here we get more scientific, and may allow ourselves further subdivisions. Thus:—

(α) You may go in for paradox, and show that crime is not always followed by either repentance or punishment. In short, you may controvert Mr. Gilbert's proposition that "The burglar's life is not a happy one," by picturing crime as leading to an easy conscience, wealth, longevity, troops of friends, and a Latin epitaph in Westminster Abbey. The best instance of this treatment which I can call to mind is M. Barbey d'Aurevilly's *Le Bonheur dans le Crime*, wherein a husband, after poisoning his wife with the assistance of his mistress, marries the mistress, and the pair live ever afterwards, in the author's words, "parfaitement heureux." But this method, not making for righteousness, is unsuited to a nothing-if-not-moral stage, which naturally prefers

(β) The view that crime is its own worst chastisement. Adopting this view, the playwright, instead of showing his criminal as engaged in a game of hare-and-hounds with the police, has to present him as a *heautontimorumenos*, suffering agonies of remorse, and ultimately confessing his crime—not, of course, to the detective, but to some third person. This third person in Dostoievsky's *Crime and Punishment*—the archetype of this kind of story—is a young prostitute who quotes the Scriptures; in *Diamond Deane* it is an elderly parson, who quotes his own sermons. Mr. Thomas Thorne's parson is exceedingly tedious, and for my part I should have preferred the prostitute; but even Mr. Thorne's well-known readiness to undertake impersonations quite unsuited to his powers would probably have hesitated at that experiment. That, however, is a detail. The great aim of plays of this class is to inspire sympathy for the criminal, on the principle that "to understand is to forgive." We are to see how he could not help becoming a criminal, we are to be moved with pity as we watch his remorse gradually driving him to frenzy, and our nervous tension is to be relaxed along with his in the final scene of confession.

Something of this latter kind, no doubt, Mr. Dam has aimed at in *Diamond Deane*. Miss Millward, as the ladylike thief, gives us the orthodox *apologia pro vitâ suâ*; she is a thief because her father was a thief, "and so," to quote Mr. Gilbert once more, "were her sisters and her cousins and her aunts." Miss Millward, too, duly wrings her (light-fingered) hands with remorse, and duly 'fesses, like Topsy, in the end. But the remorse is spasmodic, not cumulative; it does not gather momentum as the play proceeds; and the confession is not made, as it should have been made, to seem inevitable. It merely happens. There is a parson on hand, and the audience want to catch the last train to Brixton, so the confession is, if the colloquialism may be pardoned in connection with so high a matter as "criminology," "rushed" upon one. Moreover, Mr. Dam seems undecided whether his play is to be in class (1) or class (2) (β)—a mixing of categories which I, who have just invented them, cannot be expected to pardon. He introduces the Lecoq detective, note-book and all, and straightway we settle ourselves down for the dear old hare-and-hounds business of class (1). But, lo! the detective, instead of detecting, merely suggests to the parson that now is the time for a confession—and so we go off at a tangent into class (2) (β). Really, this is very confusing to a mind attuned, at the invitation of Mr. Dam's friends, to the pitch of the 'ologies. And, once more, where does the "criminology" come in?

The rest of the play is drawing-room melodrama—which, after all these years, is about as exciting a form of entertainment as parlour croquet. "Diamond Deane," in order to obtain possession of some valuable gifts intended for the mistress of the household which she has selected for the scene of her depredations, personates that lady by the simple device of borrowing her cloak and lace mantilla. This flimsy disguise—only to be permitted as a dramatic expedient in the romantic world of the Elizabethans—suffices to deceive the lady's husband, brother, and lover; and much domestic unhappiness results. Which of these three gentlemen was the most egregious idiot is a nice question that must be left—not, to be sure, for the experts in "criminology," but for the Commissioners in Lunacy to settle. Mr. Conway plays the husband with an air of abject unbelief

which seems to show that he has already settled the nice question in favour of himself. In the character of the wife, Miss Dorothy Dorr, an American actress of handsome presence and apparently (the point will be better ascertained when she is seen in a better play) of considerable histrionic endowment, makes a first appearance on the London stage. A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

THE DUC DE BROGLIE is apparently unwilling to submit the manuscript of TALLEYRAND'S Memoirs to critical inspection, and injurious suspicions are consequently rife in literary circles in Paris. It is openly asserted, indeed, that the greater portion of the book is the work of an artist in fiction who has sandwiched a very small quantity of TALLEYRAND between thick slices of a less conspicuous genius. This, at any rate, has been fastened on as a more likely explanation of the dulness of the Memoirs than the suggestion that TALLEYRAND designed them to be a posthumous fraud on the expectations of the public.

A REPERTORY of interesting stories of eminent people is connected with MR. CHARLES HANCOCK, the founder of the firm of jewellers in Bond Street. MR. HANCOCK was a friend of DISRAELI, and it is said that when the author of "Tancred" returned home after his first journey to the East, his sole property consisted of some Turkish pipes which the jeweller was able to sell at a hundred pounds apiece. More of MR. HANCOCK'S anecdotes will be welcome.

MR. WILLIAM SHARP, the editor of the "Canterbury Poets," is about to publish in Rome a volume of impressionist poems in a variety of blank-verse measures on the Holy City and the Agro Romano. The difficulty of mastering ordinary English blank verse, the poetic instrument of most power and greatest compass in modern times, has been the cause of many attempts at an easier unrhymed mode. SOUTHEY'S "Thalaba," LONGFELLOW'S "Hiawatha," some of MATTHEW ARNOLD'S poems, and, if we must admit the English hexameter, some of CLOUGH'S, have all been more or less successful, but no new style has yet gained general acceptance. The poetry of the past twenty-five years has been fertile in new rhymed measures, and has also been noted for the ennobling of measures which before had never risen much above doggerel. We may therefore expect something remarkable in blank verse: either the invention and establishment of an altogether untried measure, or the elevation of a measure like that of "Hiawatha" to a position with regard to the unrhymed pentameter such as octosyllabic verse bears to the heroic couplet. Although MR. SHARP has not hitherto shown much skill as a metrist, he has sufficient poetic power to excite our interest in his forthcoming volume. It is just possible that a writer who has not been more than ordinarily successful in rhyme may be best fitted to solve the blank-verse problem.

IN France there is no blank-verse problem, because there is no blank verse. Twice only, as far as we know, has the attempt been made to write unrhymed verse in the French language. COUNT BRUGUIÈRE DE SORSUM in the early part of the present century translated a number of SHAKESPEARE'S plays, rendering rhyme by rhyme, blank verse by blank verse, and prose by prose with astonishing results. For example, "Come, let me clutch thee!" a sentence from Macbeth's address to the air-drawn dagger, is expanded into "Instrument dangereux, laisse-moi te saisir!" (Dangerous tool, let me get a hold of you!) BRUGUIÈRE DE SORSUM was better advised when he translated SOUTHEY'S "Don Roderick" into prose, a task which he undertook because he was inclined to regard SOUTHEY as the greatest poet of his age. "The changes that fleeting time procureth!"

THE other attempt to write French blank verse has been made recently, and by a lady. In "Rythmes Pittoresques" (ALPHONSE LEMERRE) MARIE KRYSINSKA seems, however, to be aware that the attempted rhymeless verse has turned out to be rhythmical prose. "Mirages," "Symboles," "Femmes," "Contes," "Résurrections," are the subjects she treats with much freshness of feeling, the effect of which is heightened considerably by the novelty of the form.

THE secret of COWPER'S life, MR. THOMAS WRIGHT, of Olney, avers to be an "open secret," which he has discovered. He is not disposed to take much credit to himself on account of his discovery, because he is of opinion that any of COWPER'S biographers could have found it out with ordinary industry. The accepted theory of COWPER'S life seems to us to explain it so far as any man's life can be explained; his delicate health, his love for his cousin, his bachelorhood, and his unfortunate creed, prolonged those fits of despondency which are inseparable from the poetic temperament, and gradually deepened them into insanity. But we shall see what MR. WRIGHT has to reveal when he has completed the "Life of Cowper" on which he is at present engaged.

A TRANSLATION of the works of NOVALIS will be the next volume of MR. DAVID STOTT'S "Masterpieces of Foreign Authors." It will be followed by RICHTER'S "Flegeljahr," translated by MISS EDERLAIN, and a version of some of GOLDONI'S comedies by MISS HELEN ZIMMERN.

UNDER the title of the "Westminster Library" the more important works in MESSRS. GRIFFITH, FARRAN & CO.'S "Ancient and Modern Library of Theological Literature" will be republished.

AMONG new books announced for publication shortly are "Michael Villiers, Idealist, and other Poems" (SMITH, ELDER), by MISS HICKEY; "In the Heart of the Storm" (KEGAN PAUL), by MAXWELL GRAY; "Old English Sports and Pastimes" (METHUEN), by the REV. P. H. DITCHFIELD; "The English Republic" (SWAN SONNENSCHEIN), essays written by MR. J. W. LINTON in a periodical of that name during 1851-55; "The Real Japan" (UNWIN), studies of contemporary Japanese manners, morals, administration, and politics, by MR. HENRY NORMAN; and a collection of 700 letters of DR. JOHNSON, of which 70 have not yet been published, edited by DR. BIRKBECK HILL.

OF the three little pamphlets, each containing a single poem by MISS FRERE, which MESSRS. METCALFE & CO., of Cambridge, have sent us, we like the one entitled "England" best. Other seven pamphlets of MISS FRERE'S "England Series" are announced; four of them are to contain twelve sonnets each. "The Temple of Fame" (GRIFFITH, FARRAN) by "GANYMEDE," a poem in the Spenserian stanza, and "Wild West Poems" (UNWIN), composed and illustrated by B. METCHIM, are published this week.

IN PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH'S "Canada and the Canadian Question" (MACMILLAN) he discusses at great length the imperial and foreign relations of

the Dominion. Three appendices add to the value of the book. MR. HENRY W. DARLING writes on Banking, MR. THOMAS SHAW on Agriculture in Ontario, and MR. T. D. LEDYARD on Mining.

BOOKS of travel are always fascinating if they are at all well written, as most books of travel are, because the act of travelling seems to temper the mind for literary composition. Hence all golfers wish to write about golf, because each game is a journey. Hence it is that literary men who play golf write better than other literary men; and hence "Famous Golf Links" (LONGMANS), by H. G. HUTCHINSON, ANDREW LANG, and others, is a book with a special charm. If our reasoning be right, we may mention here another book of travels more extended than those undertaken in pursuit of a golf-ball, MR. H. DE WINDT'S "Ride to India" (CHAPMAN). MR. DE WINDT went across Persia and Baluchistan, and used his pencil to good purpose as well as his pen.

WHERE were Eurafrica and Austafrica? In the Pleistocene era the former occupied the site of the Mediterranean, and the latter lay to the south of a great ocean stream which flowed through the Sahara and part of Egypt. It was in Eurafrica, according to the American ethnographer, DR. BRINTON, whose "Races and Peoples" has just been issued by MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL & CO., that the human race originated—somewhere in the region now occupied by Morocco, Spain, and Southern France. DR. BRINTON'S American critics, while admitting the ingenuity with which he supports this hypothesis, do not think that he has answered the arguments for an Asian origin of the human race advanced by the most eminent of European anthropologists, M. DE QUATREFAGES. We shall see what our specialists have to say about it.

MESSRS. FUNK & WAGNALLS, the American publishers who have earned such a reputation for spreading the fame of English authors in the United States without charging the authors anything, have issued an edition of "The Light of the World" with a very flattering introduction by MR. R. H. STODDARD. But who is the American poet who "has contributed lines to various portions of this poem"? Has the New York *Critic* misquoted MESSRS. FUNK & WAGNALLS' announcement, or are these Transatlantic lines only to be found in the American edition?

EVERYBODY will know something by this time, if not from the two handsome volumes themselves, then from copious extracts in the newspaper, of the book of the week, "A Publisher and his Friends" (MURRAY). SOUTHEY, SIR HENRY TAYLOR, and many private individuals have observed that a man's character may be estimated even more surely by the letters which his friends addressed to him, than by those which he himself penned. It is this test which DR. SMILES has applied to the great publisher, and possibly no man's character ever stood it better. The only other biographical work we have to note is a monograph on PEEL by MR. J. R. THURSFIELD, being the concluding volume of MESSRS. MACMILLAN'S "Twelve English Statesmen."

MISS MITFORD'S "Our Village" has been reprinted in a volume of the "Camelot Series," and a very fresh and charming piece of prose it still is after all these years. But its sketches of rural life suggest a somewhat melancholy contrast with our own times. In "A Country Cricket Match," MISS MITFORD gives this picture of an agricultural labourer:—"He is a man of substance in every way; owns one cow, two donkeys, six pigs, and geese and ducks beyond count—dresses like a farmer and owes no man a shilling—and all this from pure industry, sheer day-labour." That sketch would astonish Hodge to-day.

IN two magnificent quartos MESSRS. CASSELL AND CO. have just published PROF. T. G. BONNEY'S descriptive and historical work on the "Cathedrals, Abbeys, and Churches of England and Wales." Considerably over a hundred buildings are described. Eighteen plates and a great number of woodcuts illustrate the text. It is, beyond a doubt, the handsomest book of the last few days.

IT is understood that MR. TATE is the donor not only of the pictures for the National Gallery of British Art, but of the handsome gift of £80,000 to defray the cost of the building. Whilst everybody must be sensible of his munificence, it will be a grave misfortune if he should insist upon the erection of the new gallery on a site which is already appropriated to the Science Schools at South Kensington. We do so little for Science as a nation that Art can hardly begrudge any portion of that little.

TO such of us as supposed that we had plumbed the genius of the late CHARLES KEENE by studying the reproductions of his works in *Punch*, the exhibition of two hundred and fifty of his pen-and-ink drawings at the Fine Art Society's galleries comes as a revelation. Some of the comic paper cuts given us were lay figures, which the artist apparently used to display the drapery of his jokes. In an original this is never so. Its most obvious attribute is the humanity of the men and women it depicts. We realise how distinctly KEENE was in the true sense a humorist and not a caricaturist. His creations are natural in the extreme, owing very little of their drollery to exaggeration. During his life KEENE, who was exquisitely modest, and perhaps hypersensitive, shrank from allowing his drawings to be used for the purposes of a "one-man" Bond Street Show, and so it happened that to the public generally his identity was greatly merged into that of *Punch*, a paper with a personality if ever there was one; but artists at home and abroad never tired of admiring and discussing his great gifts. We are somewhat startled, despite ourselves, by the technical beauties of the drawings. They have all the qualities we most admire in some of the master etchers of the day: singular directness and vigour, no useless line in the whole collection; each one worked up to just the point at which it will tell all that there is to tell, and then left untouched.

LEECH and KEENE must always stand out as the two great pictorial humorists of our day. They occupy a position in art not dissimilar to that of THACKERAY and DICKENS in literature; and their relation to each other is also very much the same as that of the great novelists. Art appeals very little to the emotions. We have yet to see the painting which shall bring tears to the spectator's eyes; but those who walk around the treble line of KEENE'S drawings are perpetually bursting into irrepressible audible guffaws. The "legend," not always KEENE'S own we are told, is the directing-post to the humour of the situation. Note the two little ragamuffins reading a placard about Police and Vaccination, and one urchin exclaiming: "What's the use o' wacc'natin' them? They never catches nuffin'."

IT would be well for some budding dramatists to learn a little history. MR. CHARLES HUDSON, the author of *Father Buonaparte*, a piece produced at the Olympic,

is careful to spell the Corsican's family name in the way which has passed out of date, but in everything else he is quite reckless. For instance, at the first performance, Father Buonaparte, who is the great Napoleon's uncle, on learning that his nephew had become Emperor, supposed that Louis Philippe was the displaced monarch. A military representative of the Emperor informed the audience that Napoleon's mother was the Empress Letitia. These vagaries had nothing to do with the quality of the piece, but they might have been avoided with advantage.

BEDFORD COLLEGE for ladies, which the EMPRESS FREDERICK visited last Tuesday afternoon, and which some misguided persons locate at Bedford, was established in Bedford Square in 1849, mainly by the exertions of the late MRS. REID, not long after the sister institution, Queen's College, but on an entirely unsectarian basis. It has numbered AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN, F. W. NEWMAN, PROF. BEESLY, PROF. S. R. GARDINER, SIR STERNDALE BENNETT, and other eminent men among its teachers; MARK PATTISON and MISS ANNA SWANWICK (the translator of ÆSCHYLUS) among its honorary presidents; and GEORGE ELIOT, one of the two lady Senior Classics, and the lady Senior Wrangler, among its students. Except scholarships, which are not under its control, it has no endowment; but, in a modest and almost too retiring way, it has kept up a high standard of education, and pursued it with energy; and it has, no doubt, helped to pave the way for the Ladies' Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, which it preceded by nearly five-and-twenty years.

IT now possesses the best physical and chemical laboratories in London of any which are open exclusively to women students, which have just been erected by subscription at a cost of £6,500, of which £700 is still due. These form the chief part of the "Shaen Wing," so called from a former chairman of the Council, the late MR. WILLIAM SHAEN, well known among Liberal politicians as well as in the world of education. It was this that the EMPRESS FREDERICK opened on Tuesday. They ought to do good service, and may very possibly be made available to a wider circle of students than those who are regular members of the College. Germany is at least twenty years behind England in the matter of the higher education of women, and it may be hoped that the desire expressed by the Empress that such an institution may be established in the country of her adoption may be gratified at no distant date.

THE six lectures on the Co-operative Movement in Great Britain which are to be delivered by MISS BEATRICE POTTER, on Friday evenings during April and May, at University Hall, Gordon Square, will be a forecast of the volume upon which she has been for some time engaged. MISS POTTER will discuss the application of the central idea of OWEN'S "new system of society," and its economic basis, and she will go on to show that it was only when that idea became grafted upon a democratic constitution that the modern co-operative movement arose. The Christian Socialist ideal will be traced to French sources; it was, it will be indicated, adopted by the North-Country co-operators, but was never an indigenous growth, so that its failure did not involve any real weakening of the native stock. Then the lecturer will discriminate between profit-sharing and a sliding scale of wages. On the last evening she will consider the success of the Store as "a rough measure of the capacity of population for representative government," and will show the necessary coincidence between Co-operation and Trades Unionism, if the ideal of OWEN is to be attained.

THE survival of the fittest does not mean, as the popular mistake has it, the survival of the most deserving; that which is best able to live in a given environment, like the tuberculous bacillus, for example, may deserve nothing but annihilation. This law, in its strictly scientific sense, operates nowhere more relentlessly than in journalism. Not the periodical which contains well-thought and well-written articles, but the periodical which is best able to get itself sold, is the one which does not go to the wall—or rather, which does not require to be amalgamated with another periodical, for that is the polite phrase. These trite remarks are suggested by the fusion into *Dramatic and Sporting Celebrities* of the sixpenny weekly *Fashion and Sport* and the shilling monthly *Sporting Celebrities*, and by the announcement that the *Dockers' Record* is to be merged on April 4th into a new labour paper—the *Trade Unionist*.

BEGGING for books might easily become as great a bore to authors and publishers as begging for orders is to actors and theatre managers. If we had space we would quote in its entirety a letter printed as a warning to the soft-hearted in the current number of the *Publishers' Circular*. It reads like a specimen of "Baboo English," and sets forth the literary hunger for "the good English religious works" of one who is "too much poor, alas! (with my meagre salary of £72 yearly, and my numerous family of seven children) in order to buy them, at least to the regular price." The writer concludes: "Please apologise my very importunate request, and believe I am ever yours very faithful servant."

THE award of the silver medal of the Zoological Society to the two Shetland lairds who have preserved the skua gull from the fate of the great auk is a well-deserved acknowledgment which will prove a useful precedent during the next half-century. What with the partition of Africa, the spread of cultivation everywhere, the fashions in ladies' dress, and, perhaps, most of all, the spread of adaptable varieties like the sparrow and the brown rat, many species must soon disappear unless artificially protected. Sport may preserve big game, as it preserves the elk in Lithuania and the bouquetin in the Italian Alps, and as, in Brittany, the country gentlemen, whose duty it is to kill the wolves, take very good care not to get rid of them all. But the American bison is practically gone, the giraffe is said to be going, many of the beautiful native birds in the United States flee before the persistent and polygamous sparrow, and railway enterprise in Argentina will probably soon make an end of the ostrich of South America. Yet, there are not many species that science (or, for that matter, art either) can afford to lose. Is it too much to hope that the Chartered Companies in Africa will set apart zoological parks, where big game and birds may continue to live in a state of nature?

THE INSPIRED DETECTIVE.

HIS grave lies between two hills, under the northern windows of a rain-soaked and neglected church. The stone, which is of slate and leans askew, gives his name as Ichabod Prowse, adding merely the dates of his birth and death with the usual "Affliction sore long time he bore," etc. This does him less than justice.

The hamlet in which he was born (prematurely), and bore his affliction for seventy-two years, straggles up the hill above the church and ends in a forsaken road running along the shoulder of a high down, which it scars like a half-healed cut. Beside the road, for some way a few narrow acres have been reclaimed from the down and put into tillage: and you will do

well to count these fields as you go and stop by the gate of the sixth, if the time be broad day. Its two posts were sawn from the gibbets of two brothers, John and Paul Tippet, hanged on the down above: and at midnight exchange groans, loosening the joints of the casual wayfarer.

Down in the hamlet, to this day, events are not dated from the birth of Christ, but from the day the Tippets were hanged on Landry Down. Ichabod Prowse was born in the year 27 *ante* Tippets. He attended the execution with glee and immense pride—for it was he that had brought about the hanging. And when all was over he stepped up to the corpses and touched them, to cure himself of the fits that had troubled him from birth.

On the morning of his birth, his father had trudged off to Herodswater as usual, to work in the powder-mill that stood there. Ten minutes before noon, a dull shock made the valley tremble, shaking the birds out of their trees, smashing the crockery throughout the hamlet, jerking a dozen slates off the church roof—the gap has never been repaired—and breaking the sign-board of the "Indian Prince" Inn from one of its two hooks, so that, for a few days after, it hung more like a hatchment than an invitation to drink. The shock was followed, at a distance of twelve seconds, by a muffled roar resembling thunder: but the sky was clear. It was a full two minutes more before the birds resumed their interrupted singing, and by this time the house-wives were out at their doors, discussing the portent and gazing up the hill-side, over which tremor and the rumble had broken like two waves.

Twenty minutes later, a boy came running and shouting as he ran. The powder-mill at Herodswater had blown up, scattering five men in atoms. One of these was Ichabod's father: and at six in the evening Ichabod was born.

His mother lived to give him the care he needed: for he was an epileptic, and a born natural.

She, poor woman, did all in her power; consulted the local doctor and the local "peller," or white witch; carried the child thrice round the church one midnight, then entered and knelt with him by the communion rails—a brave feat for a superstitious woman; cut off the head of her Minorca cock and buried the body in her garden path, where the first fit had taken the boy; killed a toad and hung its hind-leg in a little bag round his neck. But it came to nothing.

When Ichabod was fifteen she tried another plan: took him to church on Easter Sunday and, when service was over, waited with him outside the porch—a thin, faded woman, in black skirt and shawl, clutching a boy whose trembling was the more dreadful because he had outgrown his age. She made him hold forth his hand and collect thirty pence from the congregation as it filed out. Then she led him round to the vestry where Parson Hambly and Abe, the parish clerk, were just preparing to empty the money-box: for there had been an offertory that day.

"I want half-a-crown's worth of the holy silver," she explained, holding out her handful of pence.

"And who d'ye think offers the Lord silver money in this God-forsaken parish?" the parson asked. "If 'tis a brace-button you want, belike I can accommodate you, easy," he added grimly.

"Farmer Truscott put in a n'arf-crown," the clerk interrupted. "I'll own it sounds like a lie, but I see'd en do it. Thinks I, holdin' the box, 'O world o' marvels, wherein such things befall! I'll wager my hat you'm doin' this by mistake for a penny-piece', an' was near sayin' 'look alive, man!—do'ee *realize?*' But I didn't: an' the 'arf-crown's in the box, safe as eggs."

The box being opened, Abe's statement was confirmed: One half-crown shone in the small pile of coppers. So Ichabod's mother acquired it for her thirty pence and had it beaten into a flat ring, which Ichabod wore day and night. But it did him no good. "I suppose it's because 'twas put in by mistake," said the woman, and tramped up to Truscott's farm, to make sure.

"Lord bless my soul!" said the farmer, when she put her question; "so *that's* what came to it. I couldn' sleep for a week wonderin' about that piece o' silver, and had the house spring-cleaned twice over, to hunt for't."

The woman sighed. It was not likely that a coin offered to holy uses by mistake would cure her son. Then, like a true woman, she went off on another tack without hesitating a second.

"Farmer, you know my son. He bain't such a slap-bang fool as he looks, an' I've been reckonin' that he'd do very well to tend pigs an' do odd work. You'd get en cheap, too, by reason of his foolishness."

Farmer Truscott cocked an ear, put his head on one side, and considered. There was sense in that last suggestion. Having turned the matter over, he offered three shillings a week for Ichabod's services, and was screwed up at last to four-and-sixpence.

So the epileptic served the farmer for twelve years, and by learning to do dairy-work as well as any woman, was earning twelve shillings a week by the end of that time. Meanwhile, his master waxed rich and gave no more to the offertory, having to recover his half-crown with the interest thereon, which he had nicely calculated.

Then his career ended sharply and tragically.

He was riding home, one Saturday night, with a bag of thirty sovereigns in his breast-pocket: for he had been selling sheep at Tregarrick market. At the foot of Rosmeer hill (within a mile of home), where the elms grow pretty thick on either side of the way, his mare came down abruptly in the midst of a steady trot, and pitched him clean over her ears. She had caught her forelegs in a wire stretched taut across the road about a foot from the ground.

Truscott was picking himself up in a dazed state when a thick cudgel fell across his temples and killed him on the spot.

The mare reached home, sweating as if she had been pisky-ridden. Mrs. Truscott had gone to bed by this time: but she and the servants were roused by John Tippet, the hind, with dreadful news. John said he had lit his lantern and was going across the town-place to the chall, to take a look at the Alderney that was near her calving, when he heard a horse gallop down the lane and pull up at the yard gate. Running to see what the matter was, he found the old grey, riderless and mucked with sweat.

After giving the alarm in the house he went off to knock up his unmarried brother Paul, Truscott's waggoner, and Ichabod Prowse. The three started off with lanterns and found the farmer where he fell. "To think o' 'Lawyer' Truscott bein' pitched by th' old mare that he'd a-ridden fifteen year'!" commented John Tippet.

Ichabod began to whimper. "*You* must carry en. I can't touch a dead body. Aw, aw! Be it stark stiff or warm?"

"Warm an' limp." The two brothers hoisted the heavy corpse, and Ichabod dashed off with a howl to carry the tidings.

Mrs. Truscott moaned and rocked herself in her chair. At last she looked up and asked, "was there any money in his pockets?" She was told "nothing but some odd shillings in his breeches and an empty bag in his breast pocket." "Then," said she, "he's been murdered"; and crying "Murder, murder!" once or twice, went off into hysterics.

Ichabod stole out to look at the mare. He found a light in the stable and Paul Tippet inside washing her knees down.

"That's a queer cut, too," said Ichabod.

The other went on washing, not lifting his head.

"What do you know about it?"

"Well, I've tumbled an' rolled more than most

folks, an' in most kinds of places," the epileptic answered; "but I've never been cut like that, in my born days. An' I've fallen out of a waggon, but never to break my head 'pon *two* sides, like the farmer."

"What's o' no worth tumbles light."

"Iss. I reckon God hardens the ground to the monied man."

The jury at the inquest gave an open verdict and Truscott was buried; but the excitement in the hamlet showed no signs of dying down. Constables walked over from Tregarrick and kept it alive; they had assured themselves that the dead man carried a good sum of money when he started to ride homewards. John and Paul Tippet were pretty straitly questioned and gave satisfactory answers. Ichabod, too, had the honour of being interrogated, and wore an important air on the strength of it. But the investigation elicited nothing of value. Gold is not easily traced.

By a process of exhaustion the villagers at last began to suspect the Tippets. They were the only men living close by whose movements at the time of the murder were not known for certain. Paul was a bachelor, and might be out at any hour and nobody the wiser; while John's account of the circumstances under which he came to let in the grey mare was plausible enough, but rested on probability alone.

Under this suspicion (which they guessed, no doubt) the two brothers comported themselves very differently. John went about his work with his usual phlegm. Paul assumed a careless demeanour, and began to drink rather heavily: he pretended to heed nothing when his companions down at the "Indian Prince" edged away a bit along the settle as he entered.

On Saturday evening, exactly two months after the farmer's death, Ichabod having picked up his week's wage and seen John Tippet start off to count the sheep in the twenty-acred field, loafed down to the "Indian Prince" and turned in for a pint. Paul Tippet was sitting there, well advanced in liquor and listening with a bland smile to the discussion. It ran on the usual topic. Ichabod dropped into a place and prepared to join in.

"Well," he said at last, "I was one of the first to witness the freezin' sight, as the law well knows—"

"An' so you've said a score o' times," put in a voice.

Paul Tippet gave an insolent laugh. "The poor maygame he was, naybours! 'Don't let me touch en,' he called; 'I can't abide a dead body!' an' began to squeal like a babby."

"Don't make a mock of a maygame," Ichabod retorted; "you may be struck comical yoursel', one day." With this he lapsed into silence and let the talk run on.

But as he sat an inspiration—a splendid notion—came into his weak brain.

He finished his pint, gave the company "good-evenin'" and slouched out, picking up, as he went, the scrap of chalk used for writing up scores on the door.

In the passage he beckoned to Phœbe, the tap-girl.

"My dear," he whispered, "come out to the pump wi' me."

"Why?"

"I want 'ee to pump on my head."

"Law! You bain't so drunk as all that, Iecy."

Ichabod chuckled. "Not by a long sight. I be only a fool, as you shall see: but you must pump over me."

They went out to the pump, and Ichabod kept his head under the spout till it was wringing wet.

"Now do I look sweaty?" he asked, and without waiting for the answer, dried his face and began to rub it all over with chalk.

"What gashly trick be this?" Phœbe inquired, thoroughly frightened.

Ichabod dropped the chalk, turned and ran into the inn like a madman. He burst the tap-room door open and broke in on the drinkers with a shout—

"*He've a-told all! He've a-told all!*"

The company turned, and among them Paul Tippet staggered up, white as Ichabod's painted face confronting him.

"What," he gasped—"what did 'a say?"

"'A says 'twas you that struck the blow, while he looked on."

"Then he's a cruel liar—for he struck it hissel'. I'll swear 'twas him that struck it—"

And next moment Paul Tippet was down on his knees pouring out the confession that got him hanged beside his brother within the next month.

Q.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

"CYCLISTS AND ROAD-RACING."

SIR,—I should like to make a few remarks on Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's letter in your last issue. They say that you champion road-racing instead of denouncing it, but I fail to see that the article does more than record the fact that it is tolerated by the police, and that it is less offensive when practised at a distance from the metropolis and on unfrequented roads. The statement that road-races are promoted by makers is utterly untrue, and I challenge Mr. and Mrs. Pennell to prove their statement. It has been so in two or three instances in the past, but all the important road-races are now held under the auspices of the largest and most influential clubs in the kingdom. As to the "mere handful of clubs," this is simply nonsense, since nearly every club of any consequence has its road trial of some sort or other, including the oldest and most respectable London clubs. With regard to the last statement of your correspondent's about amateurs connected with the trade, I feel called upon to state, as one of the riders mentioned, that, as far as I know, not one of the path-riders was, up to the end of last season, connected with the trade, and I can also say the same of Messrs. Holbein, Dangerfield, and C. A. Smith. In conclusion, let me advise Mr. Joseph Pennell to confine his attention to that branch of the sport with which he has a practical acquaintance—namely, touring—and leave the discussion of racing matters to those who understand them.—I am, Yours, etc.,

B. W. CRUMP.

Cambridge University and London Bicycle Clubs.
March 18th, 1891.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Thursday, March 26th, 1891.

THE ingenious gentleman who, in a recent number of THE SPEAKER, argued that the best biographies were written by persons who had never known the men the story of whose lives they sought to tell, was not without some reason for his faith. In English literature there are one or two notable books of this kind, of which John Forster's "Life of Goldsmith" may be regarded as a fair instance. The misfortune is that whilst we can admire these books as pieces of literature, and whilst we can appreciate the picture drawn in their pages, we can never be quite certain that the portrait presented to us is a real one. The real Goldsmith, for example, was probably something very different from the Goldsmith of Forster's delightful tale; just as the real George Stephenson was not quite the George Stephenson with whom we are made acquainted in Dr. Smiles's edifying pages.

As a matter of fact, personal knowledge seems to have been an important element in the construction of most of the best biographies in the English language. I suppose public opinion will hardly be divided as to the best "Lives" in our mother tongue. Putting them in their chronological order is also placing them in their order of merit: Boswell's Johnson, Lockhart's Scott, Mrs. Gaskell's Charlotte Brontë, Trevelyan's Macaulay, and Froude's Carlyle. In each of these cases the biographer had intimate personal knowledge of the subject of the biography. Of "Lives" of the second order of merit we have

enough and to spare, and in these cases also it is notable that those which have made the deepest impression upon readers at the time of their appearance, as, for example, Stanley's Life of Arnold, have been written from personal knowledge.

But there is another question of more immediate interest than that of the personal acquaintance of the biographer with his subject, which deserves attention. "How soon after a man's death ought his Life—supposing it to be worth writing—to be published?" We have had some complaints, of late, of an "indecent haste" on the part of the biographer; but I do not think it is the average reader who complains of this haste. He likes to get his biographies fresh as it were from the easel of the portrait painter. He has to pay for this eagerness on his part; for no man dare tell the full truth about anyone who has died recently. A hundred good stories must be omitted, out of consideration for the feelings of the living. The book when it appears is at the best imperfect. And yet one would rather have imperfection and freshness than a stale completeness. Mr. Gladstone once stated to the present writer that he thought thirty years was the proper period which ought to elapse between a man's death and the appearance of his biography. One can see at once that if this idea were to be generally accepted, very few "Lives" would be written at all, for few indeed are the reputations that can survive, without the assistance of the biographer, for such a space of time as thirty years. The book-buyer whose shelves are overcrowded, the critic who finds himself overworked, would doubtless rejoice if Mr. Gladstone's notion became the rule; but probably few other persons would do so.

For a life which has been embalmed as it were for thirty or forty years, is generally more or less mummified when it is again brought to light. The gossip which is so profoundly interesting to the men and women of 1891, the hints which afford strange and unexpected glimpses of the characters of our contemporaries, or which explain passing events the real nature of which has puzzled us, will be dry and meaningless reading for the public of 1921. One or two of the men and women of to-day will of course interest that generation which is now in its cradle. But none of us can pretend to say who of this passing day will seem to our descendants to have been the most conspicuous and interesting personages; whilst they, on their part, supposing the hand of the biographer were suddenly to be stayed, would be robbed of the opportunity of knowing the men and women who seem to their contemporaries to be the best worth remembering. Here are the Talleyrand Memoirs to point the moral that in biography delay is dangerous. What world-stirring secrets were supposed to be hidden away in those precious volumes! What revelations we were bidden to look for when at last the door was opened, and we were brought face to face with the real life of the arch-intriguer! And how stale and flat and unprofitable it all seems to be, now that at last we have it in our hands!

Let us take warning, and no longer cherish the delusion that a man's memoirs will improve, like good port, with age. And that brings me to the point I wish specially to make in these rambling remarks. There are certain "Lives" which are now as much over-due as a ship that has been six months in crossing the Atlantic. We want them; we have been wanting them for years past; and the question I desire respectfully to put to those who are responsible for the delay in their appearance, is "How much longer shall we have to wait?"

Why, for example, have we not got in our hands the interesting story of the life of the first Lord Durham? What good reading the tale of his Canadian experiences would be at this moment, when so many problems connected with our Western Colonies are pressing for a solution! And why are we not to have a real Life of Lord Melbourne—one which would give us a picture of that remarkable man in his home-life, and in his intimate personal relations with Sovereigns, statesmen, and men and women of fashion? Both about Melbourne and Peel many books have been written. But where have we the full and complete portrait of either drawn by a competent hand, and how much longer must we wait for it?

Thackeray's Life, we are told, is not to be written. Of Dickens we may read in the three handsome octavo volumes which the late John Forster devoted to the record of his own performance of the part of Guardian Angel to the author of "Pickwick." But we are told to be content in the case of Thackeray with such poor stuff as the little books by Trollope and Merivale. And yet how well his Life would repay the telling! How admirable are those letters of his which have found their way into print, or which are cherished by those who still recall the tall upright figure, the silvery hair, the shrewd searching glance, the mouth half-kindly half-satirical, the voice clear, penetrating, and refined, of the man to whom we owe "Esmond"! He was not the least striking figure among the men of letters of his time; he was one of the links between Society and Bohemia; like a magnet he drew towards himself all manner of notable men and women; and he had one of those complex, many-sided characters the full revelation of which demands a careful and complete study of his whole life. Yet we are told that we must wait for Thackeray's Life—until perchance there is none left who can tell the story aright.

Dean Stanley's Life has been so often announced, we have heard so much year after year of the labour involved in it, and of the point to which it had advanced, that we may be forgiven if at last we begin to doubt whether we are ever to see it at all. It will be welcome when it comes; but it would have been yet more welcome if it had come some years earlier, before the ranks of Stanley's personal friends had been thinned by the Fate that is not to be denied.

And Disraeli—why are we to wait for his Life? Stafford Northcote and Forster began their public career long after he began his; both survived him, and both have had the story of their lives told with sufficient fulness and detail. But Disraeli still waits; and now, for want of that full personal narrative which we expect from a biographer, his figure, surely the most remarkable of all the figures that have flitted across the stage of public life, is beginning to fade away, like an unfixed photograph; and the memory of his thousand quips and sallies of wit and sardonic humour is only kept alive in the after-dinner talk of a generation which has already fallen upon the sere and yellow leaf of old-fogeydom. Doubtless he can afford to bide his time better than most men; but his Life, if written now, would contain many a life-giving touch that will be impossible in that remote future when the thirty-six boxes now stowed away in the strong-room of the Rothschilds are at last brought to light.

What biographer who only comes to deal with the great leader of the Tory party as an historical character, will dare to think of him as "Dizzy," or will venture to strike the key-note of his personal life by telling how, when he first met his old friend and companion James Clay, after he had been made Prime Minister in 1868, he raised his hands, and with the chuckle that is now almost forgotten, cried, "My God, Jem! *What* a game!" These are the touches which the historical biographer, who undertakes his task thirty years after his subject has been coffined,

cannot give to his work; and yet without them it is a carefully painted mummy, not a living image, which he produces.

My space is filled, or I would fain have said something of Mr. Bright, another of the men whose Lives have yet to be written. In his case also personal knowledge and contemporary observation are indispensable to the painting of that real picture lacking which a biography is but a mausoleum. R.

REVIEWS.

DEAN CHURCH AND THE OXFORD MEN.

THE OXFORD MOVEMENT: TWELVE YEARS, 1833—1845. By R. W. Church, M.A., D.C.L.; sometime Dean of St. Paul's, and Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

IN this almost posthumous legacy of the late Dean Church, we have another addition to what may be described as the personal literature of "the Oxford Movement." The book is welcome were it only as a means of making us feel as if a singularly just and beautiful mind were still active amidst us. But the book has another and more historical interest; here we see the movement, the men who made it and the men who resisted it, reflected in a clear and observant eye, sketched by a graphic and graceful hand. Dean Church seemed to be marked out as its historian. His undergraduate life began with it; his academic career culminated in the famous vetoing act of the proctors, which he so well describes on pp. 330—331, modestly concealing his own distinguished part therein. He knew, as only a reverent and loving yet discriminating disciple can know, all the leaders of the movement save Hurrell Froude, and him he saw through the eyes of the men that loved him. To Liddon was committed the life of Pusey; fitly so, for he did not know the movement in the days of Newman's reign—knew it only when Pusey held the helm and guided the deserted ship through the breakers and out of the storm. But Dean Church's Oxford memories were all of the years of Newman's ascendency. He is at once the hero and the victim of this volume. Other men appear, awaken him, help him, oppose him, prepare his opportunity, frustrate his designs; but his is the will that here struggles with destiny. His conversion is the birth of the movement, his desertion is "the catastrophe." All through we are made to feel this—had Newman been better understood and more trusted; had the Liberals comprehended the new spirit, or the bishops grasped the situation and taken occasion by the hand; had the Heads of Houses been less infatuated and foolish, and the University more honestly earnest about religion—then the splendid genius of Newman might have been saved to the English Church, and the one event which has touched all the wonderful successes of the Anglican revival with failure, and even now darkens them with the shadow of possible disaster, might have been prevented, and instead the victory through the Church of all the Church has lost been secured. But it is often happier, alike for Church and State, that human dreams of the might-have-been are not realised.

One of the finest and truest elements in this book is the way it emphasises the moral purpose, the religious veracity, the whole-hearted and whole-minded conviction of the Fathers of the movement. Dean Church is full of the memories of those twelve years when the men he loves were charged with dishonesty, deceit, treacherous designs, disingenuous concealment of beliefs and purposes, with being mischievous and misguided "Oxford malignants." He insists that deeper than everything else was the love of holiness, the desire in an age of unreality to deal with religion as the most real and most awful of all things. No doubt it was so; without such a spirit no religious movement ever has been or ever could be made to live. But this spirit is the last thing its opponents ever credit it with. The Tractarians were, indeed, hardly judged, but it was not a day of charitable judgments, and what they got they gave. No more partial or partisan body of men ever pursued, or professed to pursue, historical inquiries. Their reign in the region of history was for their own and even for our generation, fatal to the scientific spirit; it is only now slowly beginning to try to be. Into all that concerns the primitive Church, the Reformation, the seventeenth century, they carried the methods, the polemics, and the antipathies of the hour, and when a side has been fiercely taken in such a field and manifold injustices perpetrated, it is hardly possible for even the quietest worker to keep clear of the fray. Hence, what the opponents felt was not so much the spirit that inspired the men as the method of warfare they followed; and so they answered the method by misconstruing the spirit. Now that both can be seen in the perspective of history, both can be judged more fairly. The conflict was embittered by being at once so much a literary and academic conflict. By virtue of the first, it was urged under forms that enabled the written to bite more deeply than the spoken word; by virtue of the second, its arena was so circumscribed that the religious became mixed up with personal questions, and were thus lowered and fretted by multiplied pettinesses. All the recent literature, with its zealous apologetic, its multitudinous conscious and unconscious revelations, has only contributed to make this more manifest, that while the movement was in source and motive religious, it was in form archæological, imitative—an academic effort to realise a past imperfectly explored and defined. Devotion to ideals is a noble thing, though it does not always follow that the ideals are as noble as the devotion.

This book abounds in many delicate yet clear-cut sketches, both of friends and foes. Keble appears "a strong Tory," "a brilliant University scholar," "an old-fashioned English Churchman, with great veneration for the Church and its bishops, and a great dislike of Rome, Dissent, and Methodism, but with a quick heart." How the man lives in a saying like this: "Froude, you thought Law's 'Serious Call' was a clever book; it seemed to me as if you had said the Day of Judgment will be a pretty sight." Hurrell Froude, "the bright, the beautiful," is lovingly described, yet with a keen sense of some of his more obvious limitations, "an Englishman to the back-bone," yet an Englishman with a hectic fever in his veins, who had "turned his thoughts on that desolate wilderness, his own conscience, and said what he saw there." Isaac Williams is seen serving the movement by the "moderate and unobtrusive way of religious teaching," yet by "curious fate dragged into the front ranks of the fray, and singled out as almost the most wicked and dangerous of the Tractarians." Charles Marriott is the *vir pietate gravis*, quaint, scholarly, hospitable, charitable, accessible to all, and helpful to many. Pusey is seen, the scholar, statesman, counsellor, friend, always equal to an emergency, with his soul always possessed in patience; while every page is filled by the always felt, though not always perceived, presence of the great leader, who divides and sifts, attracts or repels all hearts. On the other hand, the men who hindered or diverted the movement are painted, "warts and all." W. G. Ward, who did so much to force the hand of Newman and turn the Anglican into a Roman revival, is exhibited as "a mixture of jauntiness and seriousness," "a great musical critic, and an admirable buffo singer," whose "personal clumsiness set off the vivacity and nimbleness of his joyous moods." The "always ingenious Whately" is gibbeted on his own invention, the attempt to change "Tractarian" into "Tractite," and appears whispering away the character of the movement as propagating "a secret infidelity," or a "pestilence" whose only parallel was "Indian

Thuggee." Hampden appears as cold, shallow, incapable of understanding the issues, capable of "a revenge" that "was not noble." Blanco White flits here and there like a malign and restless spirit, whose mission was to show the evil of breaking with an established system and entering on a voyage of exploration. But the severest things are reserved for the muddled and obstinate Heads; "they were blind and dull as tea-table gossips as to what was the meaning of the movement"; "in their apathy, in their self-satisfied ignorance, in their dulness of apprehension and forethought, the authorities of the University let pass the great opportunity of their time." "Perhaps they were bewildered. But they must have the blame, the heavy blame, which belongs to all those who, when good is before them, do not recognise it according to its due measure." "They attacked and condemned the Tractarian teaching at once violently and ignorantly." It is no duty of ours to defend these bewildered Heads, for it belonged to their function as Heads not to be bewildered. But this much may be said in extenuation: the system was more to blame than the men. It was precisely the sort of system that men could hardly administer without becoming blind. And the system had been created by those men of the seventeenth century the Tractarians most loved to glorify. The policy of Laud had sacrificed the University to the colleges, so making the narrower control and command the larger factor of academic thought and life. The policy of the later Stuarts had cut off the University from the wholesome and progressive intellectual activities of the collective people, and from free and generous intercourse with the great and learned Universities of Europe, whose goodly fellowship, marked by frequent interchange of scholars and teachers, Oxford and Cambridge, in their happier days, had enjoyed. The policy of exclusion proved a policy of enfeeblement and decay. An academic body in ecclesiastical bonds can only expand by bursting its bonds, but the Heads were there expressly to prevent the bonds being burst. The whole system was designed for the purpose of making the University a machine for the enforcement of uniformity, and so the statesmanship of its authorities was to resist change, which under a freer and more reasonable system they would have been bound to welcome. And as the system blinded the Heads, it determined both the form and issue of the movement. Dean Church has well sketched what may be termed the positive conditions of its being—the men who began it as affected by the politics and ecclesiastical temper of the period of Catholic Emancipation and the first Reform Bill; but he has said nothing of what may be termed the negative conditions—the forces that did not act, though they ought to have been present to act, on the minds and consciences of the men. If there had been more and wider learning in Oxford, if it had been an opener and less isolated home of intellectual activities, the movement would not have been so imitative, so local and tentative, so uncertain and shifting in its standards, as it was; it would have been no less religious, but larger, more historical, less Anglican, less Mediæval, ultimately less Roman, but through and through more primitive, more Catholic, more Christian. It was in the strictest of all senses a sectional movement tending towards a more accentuated sectarianism. It clothed its religious zeal in an ecclesiastical ideal, and its ambition was to revive the Church through a polity rather than to restore religion.

We feel that Dean Church has done us this inestimable service—he has placed us at the right point of view for the criticism of the men who made the movement. We do not feel that he has in the same degree succeeded with the men who opposed it. The wheel has indeed come full cycle round; and if it was hard, perhaps impossible, during those twelve years, to get justice done to the Tractarians, the difficulty or impossibility is now on the other side. But he who has gone through the literature of the period will know that intellectual frivolity, speech without knowledge, harsh judgments without justifying evidence, were sins more common to both than peculiar to either. We are glad to have heard so sincere and eloquent a voice from within the one camp; it is hopeless now to expect to hear a similar voice from within the other. But what is possible is, by such knowledge of the literature as only the patient student can gain, to place the movement in relation to the whole intellectual and religious history of the time, and so to find a wider and juster philosophy of it than was within the reach of so generous and critical a friend as the late Dean of St. Paul's.

JOHN ERICSSON.

The Life of John Ericsson. By William Conant Church. Two vols. Illustrated. London: Sampson Low & Co.

The life of a great inventor is interesting from two distinct points of view. We may dwell with pride upon the genius of the man, his triumphs over matter, and the economic results of his labours; or we may add to our knowledge of the great history of human error by studying the forces which obstructed his progress, the unreason, blind prejudice, or want of imagination against which he was called upon to struggle. Few inventors have left a deeper mark upon their age than John Ericsson; certainly few have met with greater difficulties and discouragements. The Scandinavian race has stamped the instincts of the sailor upon many peoples, and to that race the world fitly owes the brain which played a great part in conferring upon mankind the rule of the sea. It was a far cry from the little wooden homestead amidst the silent forests of Vermland, where Ericsson was born in 1803, to New York, where he laboured for forty-five years; and the career which began with a model saw-mill made with "a gimlet and a jack-knife," led to the revolution of ship propulsion and a new departure in the design of vessels of war.

The great engineering work of the Göta Canal, on which Ericsson's father was employed, brought the boy at an early age into contact with men well able to satisfy his thirst for knowledge. At fourteen he was directing the labour of six hundred Swedish troops, and nothing could have been better suited to develop genius and self-reliance than the somewhat irregular training of these early years. To a friend, who regretted that he had not graduated at a technological institute, he wrote:—"Had I taken a course at such an institution, I should have acquired such a belief in authorities that I should never have been able to develop originality and make my own way in physics and mechanics." The glamour of Napoleon's career seems for a time to have fallen upon Ericsson's imagination, and at seventeen he entered the Jemtland Field Chasseurs as ensign, "inspired," as he wrote to his mother, "with an undying love for the military profession." It was inevitable that a wider field than that offered in the Swedish army must soon be sought; but the six years of soldiering were not thrown away. Young Ericsson became an expert surveyor, found time for experiments of various kinds, taught himself engraving, projected a book on canal engineering, and acquired a knowledge of artillery which was destined to be turned to unexpected account. In May, 1826, "with a thousand crowns in his pocket and a substitute for the steam-engine among his luggage," he arrived in England. The failure of the "Flame Engine" proved the turning-point of Ericsson's life. He was driven to seek employment as an engineer, and though a complimentary commission of captain was conferred upon him in 1827, his connection with the Swedish army ended.

Inventions of various kinds followed his arrival in England in quick succession, with varied success. The Atlantic was first crossed by a steamship (*The Savannah*) in 1819, and seven years later

the steam fleet of Great Britain numbered 200 vessels. Ericsson's genius at once turned to the development of the marine engine, and a system of artificial draught, as well as a tubular boiler and a surface condenser, quickly made their appearance. The miserable appliances for extinguishing fires suggested to his "enthusiastic mind that a steam fire-engine was certain of immediate adoption"; but, although the experimental engine of 1829 bears the most striking resemblance to the machines in universal use to-day, and fully proved its powers at the burning of the Argyle Rooms, the London Fire Brigade remained unconvinced of the advantages of the invention for thirty-one years. It was Ericsson's first experience of the force of "official inertia and prejudice." The Rainhill trial of locomotives in 1829 called forth from his brain the "Novelty" (planned and built in seven weeks) which on one occasion attained a speed of fifty miles an hour; but defects showed themselves, due probably to hasty manufacture, the boiler burst, and the locomotive was withdrawn. The prize was thus awarded to Stephenson's "Rocket;" but the *Times* recognised the "superiority of the principle on which the 'Novelty' is constructed," and there is no doubt that Ericsson's conception was considerably is advance of that of his successful rival. No one can claim the invention of the locomotive; but the great Swede contributed a full share to its triumphs. Before 1833 Ericsson was engaged in investigating submerged propellers, and the *Francis B. Ogden*, fitted with his patent screw, was launched in the Thames early in 1837. A few months later the *Ogden* was lashed alongside a barge freighted with all the wisdom and science of the Admiralty, which was thus conveyed at ten miles an hour to Limehouse and back. The incident would be amusing but for its serious aspects. Ericsson "had carefully prepared plans of his new mode of propulsion, which were spread on the damask cloth of the magnificent barge;" but the directing genius of the Admiralty "did not appear to take the slightest interest in his explanations. . . . On parting, Sir Charles Adams (the First Lord), with a sympathising air," thanked the inventor for "this interesting experiment," and shortly afterwards a letter arrived stating that "their lordships had been very much "disappointed at the results." Considering that no paddle-wheeler of the same size had ever approached these results, this verdict was sufficiently remarkable; but the mystery was afterwards explained by Sir W. Symmonds, who innocently remarked at a dinner party that "even if the propeller had the power of propelling a vessel, it would be found altogether useless in practice, because, the power being applied at the stern, it would be absolutely impossible to make the vessel steer." This was the dictum of one of the potentates who had actually been propelled and steered along the difficult highway of the Thames. His was possibly the class of mind for the benefit of which miracles may be required. The cost to the country of the invincible prejudice of the Admiralty officials cannot now be estimated. The failure to obtain any recognition for the invention brought the firm of Braithwaite to bankruptcy and sent Ericsson to the Fleet for a time; but other results were to follow. Captain Stockton, of the United States Navy, who chanced to be in England, undertook a trip on the Thames in the *Ogden*, without the "damask cloth," and saw enough to induce him to order at once two screw-boats. "I do not want," he said, "the opinion of your scientific men; what I have seen this day satisfies me." Persuaded by Stockton that the United States Government would test the propeller on a large scale, Ericsson resigned the post of engineer of the Eastern Counties Railway, and arrived in New York in November, 1839. The United States officials do not appear to have been much more open-minded than the Board of Admiralty, and the *Princeton*, the first screw-ship of war, was not completed till February, 1844. Meanwhile, however, the new propeller quickly found favour for canal and lake navigation. In 1843, the French Government ordered the *Pomone* frigate to be fitted with a screw; and, in the following year, the Admiralty was constrained to follow suit with the *Amphion*. It is remarkable that in the design of the *Princeton* Ericsson placed the engines entirely below water, and protected them with coal, thus fulfilling the conditions of a modern cruiser.

The success of the *Princeton* quickly revolutionised steam navigation; and subsequent advances have been in the direction of improving the efficiency of engines rather than that of the screw. The following years were devoted mainly to the development of the "caloric" principle, and although the steamer *Ericsson*, with her huge cylinders (fourteen feet in diameter), proved a practical failure, the small hot-air motors were largely adopted.

In 1854, actuated by the wish to secure "the destruction of the fleets of the hereditary enemy" of Sweden, Ericsson sent to Napoleon III. the drawing of a monitor. The project was too revolutionary to receive acceptance, and the Emperor considered "that the result to be obtained would not be proportionate to the expense or to the small number of guns which could be brought into use." Thus the idea slumbered till the outbreak of the Civil War gave to the inventor an opportunity he was quick to realise. Mr. Mallory, the Confederate Secretary of the Navy, who possessed much more insight than Mr. Welles, wrote in May, 1861:—"Inequality of numbers may be compensated by invulnerability, and thus not only does economy, but naval success, dictate the wisdom and expediency of fighting with iron against wood without regard to first cost." This opinion was promptly followed up by action, and the conversion of the *Merrimac* into an ironclad was at once commenced, Mr. Welles responding with a request for a Board, which in September, 1861, frankly confessed themselves to be "distrustful of our ability to discharge this duty . . . having no experience, and but scant knowledge in this branch of naval architecture." Meanwhile, however, Ericsson had pressed his plans upon President Lincoln, who, unlike Napoleon III., remarked: "It strikes me there's something in it." The story of the building of the *Monitor* reads like a Jules Verne romance. The vessel was completed within one hundred working days, and was estimated by Isaac Newton, her first engineer, to contain "at least forty patentable contrivances." Meanwhile, the *Virginia*, née *Merrimac*, had made her début, destroying the *Cumberland* and *Congress* off Fort Monroe, and Mr. Stanton, who appears to have completely lost his head, stated at a Cabinet meeting:—"The *Merrimac* will change the whole character of the war; she will destroy *seriatim* every naval vessel; she will lay all the cities on the seaboard under contribution . . . . I have no doubt that the monster is at this moment on her way to Washington, and, not unlikely, we shall have a shell or a cannon ball from one of her guns in the White House before we leave the room." This is the kind of language which has been used on other occasions by persons equally wanting in mental ballast. The *Merrimac*, as a Confederate writer stated, "was not weatherly enough to move in Hampton Roads at all times with safety, and she could never have been moved more than three hours' sail from a machine shop." In spite of her wretched qualities, however, the *Merrimac* proved more than a match for the wooden frigates, and created a veritable panic, quickly dispelled by Ericsson's genius. On the 9th March, 1862, the *Monitor*, fresh from the builder's hands and wholly untried, fought her memorable action, with results far-reaching. Our *Devastation*, *Thunderer*, and *Dreadnought*, still extremely powerful vessels, largely owe their design to the great experiment in Hampton Roads, and there is scarcely a navy in the world which has not felt its influence. To Ericsson it brought well-deserved fame; but no respite from labour, no termination to the struggle against prejudice. Improvements in artillery, schemes for harbour defence,

investigations in Solar Physics, were among the many occupations of his later years, and working still to the last, as was his fervent wish, Ericsson passed away on the 8th March, 1889.

Probably no man has done more for the scientific progress of his age; certainly none has traversed a wider field with greater success. Work was the dominating passion of his long life, and this, combined with an inflexible will and a certain lack of patience in his dealings with others, narrowed the circle of his friends, cast a shadow over his domestic relations, and led him latterly into the habits of a recluse. Although Fate ordained that Ericsson's career should be passed in the United States, the great Republic never succeeded in winning his affections. Slavery was his abhorrence, and during the Civil War all his sympathies and energies were cast for the cause of freedom; but he frequently spoke with some bitterness of his adopted country, and to the last his heart turned warmly to the mountains and forests of his beloved Sweden. Mr. Church's volumes leave something to be desired. His treatment is occasionally a little confused, and his scientific knowledge does not always rise to the standard necessary for John Ericsson's biographer. Yet the book is full of interest throughout, and will serve its purpose in recalling to a forgetful age the memory of a life to which the world owes much.

TWO POPULAR POEMS.

A Vision of Saints. By Lewis Morris. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

The Light of the World: or, The Great Consummation. By Sir Edwin Arnold, K.C.I.E., C.S.I. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

The duty of the reviewer is lighter than the duty of the critic. The critic requires to divest himself of friendships and enmities. He must judge of books as if their authors had died before he was born. He must be absolved of all peccadilloes of taste and opinion—the inclinations of the clique to which he may belong, the passing fads and fancies of the day; and he must also purge himself of a graver fault—that of trusting blindly to the drift of the age. The novelist, the poet, the dramatist is rarely right unless he is floating with the tide. The critic must be moored. The reviewer, on the other hand, represents current opinion. He is the mouthpiece of a party; and always, in the case of popular writers, a friend or an enemy. The reviewer is a barrister; the critic represents the whole court—he is for and against—and also judge and jury. The less the reviewer thinks, the better he will perform his duty; the critic has to re-create in thought the work he deals with. The reviewer is the magnetic needle deflected by every change in the earth's magnetism; the critic points unswervingly due north and south. With the critic it is always Doomsday; with the reviewer it is Monday or Tuesday, summer or winter, and the Tories are out or in. Neither the ideal reviewer nor the ideal critic exists; the one has always a smack of the other. It is better so; and a judicious union of the two points of view, such as we intend in this article, is likely to result in a satisfactory estimate.

In "The Vision of Saints" Mr. Lewis Morris has carried out a design, which he had long entertained, of attempting for the "beautiful Christian legends and records" what he and others have done for the mythology of Greece; and he must be congratulated on the successful completion of what will probably rank as his most important work. It would therefore be pleasant to omit all strictures; but, believing the ridicule, as unmerited as it is ineffective, which greets Mr. Morris's works in some quarters to be the result of a reaction against the unreasoning applause of the Philistine, we hope, as far as our shortcomings will permit, to show that admiration of this popular poet is quite compatible with a due sense of his deficiencies.

The scheme of "A Vision of Saints" is faulty. The angelic guide, the passage through heaven, with the unfortunate reference to Dante, and the intervals of conversation between each narrative, essential to the poem as it is at present cast, are cumbrous and distracting. Possibly this antiquated machinery was requisite to produce the proper poetic mood; but, having served its purpose, why lug it into the light of day? Mr. Morris might have taken one more lesson from "The Master yonder in the Isle," and instead of the epic have given us the idyllic form. Had he given us the nineteen narratives as separate poems without any of the irrelevant matter about the celestial journey, he would have obviated the serious charge of a wasted opportunity; for when a poet is guided by an angel

> "down long vistas gray
> Of centuries, . . . by endless ranks
> Of sanctity, cloistered or secular,
> But all of Heaven,"

we expect that he will have something to report other than the story of "The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus" and the Lives of Father Damien and Elizabeth Fry. It is useless to say that we are quarrelling with the choice of subject. If Mr. Morris saw Antoninus Pius in heaven, why did he not also, or in preference, see Socrates? Instead of St. Christopher, why have we not John the Baptist, or one of the Apostles? SS. Cecilia, Dorothy, and Francis deserve places in a new Golden Legend, but not before St. Augustine, St. Benedict, or Joan of Arc, who have to make way for SS. Phocas, Alexis, Marina, etc. Surely also an English poet should have cast an eye round heaven in search of St. Alban. We have already instanced two of Mr. Morris's more modern selections. Other two seem to us only less unfortunate. Should not the great Reformers Wycliffe, Luther, or some of the English or Huguenot martyrs, or a Scotch Covenanter, have found places in this bede-roll before George Herbert and John Bunyan? Henry Martyn, however, is admirable as representative of the Christian missionary.

In the beginning of his poem, Mr. Morris refers to his "Epic of Hades" as a dream of "*thin* heroic forms and *ghostly* gods." He here unwittingly indicates a defect in his poetic power. Curious minor illustrations of this vagueness of vision may frequently be found in his description of the appearance and carriage of his saints. For example, how, at all, did St. Perpetua, retaining the "conscious pride of noble birth," get into the Kingdom of Heaven among the poor in spirit? And what is the meaning of this?—

> "We passed along the close-set files
> Of saints and martyrs, bearing each the palm,
> Though marked no more by robes antique, or mien,
> Or speech, but of the modern centuries,
> And as we live to-day. So thick they rose
> Streaming from earth . . ."

What! in frock-coats and tea-gowns! The irreverent suggestion is there, though unintended; if the elder saints wore their "antique robes," why not the later ones their modern dress? But now we have done with blame.

If the tendency and purpose of poetry be "to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; to lift it into a purer element, and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion"—and we think there are few who would not agree that this should be the main part of its tendency—then the "Vision of Saints" is a poem of a lofty order. Not one of these nineteen idylls, considered apart from its setting, falls below the high quality of the best portions of the "Epic of Hades." Fluency and suavity, the chief characteristics of Mr. Morris's blank verse, are admirably suited to adorn the gentle earnestness which marks his thought, to enshrine the calm, long-suffering heroism which is the principal feature in the lives of the saints he has chosen. Another important merit of these poems, and one cause of their assured

popularity—the book has already reached a second edition—is the fact that each of these nineteen idylls contains a story, interesting, stimulating and ennobling. It is not difficult, indeed, to indicate the sources of Mr. Morris's deserved popularity. His work is eminently readable; from the simplicity of its diction, easily understood; and it always appeals to the noblest of our passions. Of "The Vision of Saints" we can say heartily, in Mr. Morris's own words, what we believe will be the verdict of every open-minded reader—

> "Those high processions lingering with me seemed
> To purify my soul."

Sir Edwin Arnold's well-earned reputation as a poet would attract attention to anything he might issue; and since, in "The Light of the World," he chose the greatest and most generally interesting subject which history can afford, and has treated it reverentially, and yet in a manner hitherto unattempted in English poetry—with one exception to be referred to in passing—we cannot wonder that the vast public to which he appealed, infidel as well as believer, out of curiosity or interest, to scoff or to admire, bought thousands of copies of his poem during the first week of issue. Though Sir Edwin's verse is as fluent, it is not, in our judgment, so readable as Mr. Morris's, nor has it the simplicity of diction, the chastity of phrase, which give distinction to the "Vision of Saints." There can be no doubt, indeed, that Sir Edwin Arnold's poem bears traces of hurry. The rhymed pentameters of the introduction, "At Bethlehem," are not pleasant reading. As an example of carelessness, we have "Bethlehem" rhyming with "them" five times. Sir Edwin's prize poem, "The Feast of Belshazzar," is immeasurably better. Again, the version of the message of the angels to the shepherds which is introduced as a sort of expanded poetical catch-word, or *leit-motif*, four or five times, and in capitals too, is diffuse, uninteresting in its rhymes, and unillustrative in its imagery. Having referred to Sir Edwin's abuse of capitals, we may justly instance another example, because it is a very disagreeable blemish, and could be so easily remedied. Christ's reply, "Mary," to her who asked of Him where they had laid her Lord, is printed as a "cross-head" in large capitals. "Jesus wept," although it, too, appears as a "cross-head," is, we are happy to say, in small letters. We think it right to enter this protest against the employment of the tricks of journalism in serious literature. With this we conclude the disagreeable but necessary task of fault-finding.

Pontius Pilate, on his way to Rome to give an account of his stewardship, pauses at Magdala and lodges in the house of the Lady Miriam; for Mary of Magdala is now a wealthy châtelaine of Galilee, her brother Lazarus having been a ruler of the people. Pilate and his wife, Claudia Procula, recall in a conversation during the night the circumstances of Christ's trial and crucifixion. In the morning they send for Mary to hear from her on what grounds she and others still follow the teaching of the Crucified One. Mary is described in a very florid passage, containing the now notorious simile of Fuji-san. Her speech to Pilate is so convincing that he flies from her. "One other watch spent here will brand me Nazarene." Pilate is a striking figure, and one of the most powerful portraitures in the poem. But the principal figure in the "Light of the World" is Mary Magdalene,

> "A daughter of the sun, in those climes born
> Where light and life are larger."

After the visit of Pilate there comes to her a Magus, one of the three who visited Bethlehem at the Nativity. During six days, Mary discourses to this Indian of her own conversion, of Christ's parables and miracles, of the love of God to man, and of the Great Consummation, in glowing language, full of the rich light and warm atmosphere of the East, and deeply coloured with her own sensuous fancy. There is a half regret in the gorgeous description—recalling some passages in *Antony and Cleopatra*—which she gives of her career before her conversion. She is even overcome by the memory of her sinful splendour, and in a magnificent burst brags of

> "The harlot with the long black braided hair,
> Who melted hearts in spiced pomegranate wine—
> Than Alexandrian Queen more prodigal—
> And laughed their wealth to want, and trod their pride
> Under her broidered sandals; and took toll
> Of goods and gear, wasting in one wild bout
> The Temple's wealth."

Her sense of her womanhood is so strong still, that it colours even her regenerate idea of heaven, where she thinks men and women will be

> "free souls
> Linked as the angels are, whose breath is love,
> And for their sex another wonder."

She is earthly even in her description of Christ's utterances to herself in the garden, when each word had a tender note—

> "Of lightness, like the gentle raillery
> Which lovers use."

She is no believer in the Atonement: in her warm-hearted woman's way she flashes out against the doctrine, which some were already beginning to teach, of the propitiation of "that hungry anger of the offended law"; and she pities Azazel's goat, "laden with those sins beasts wot not of," and dying forlorn,

> "Famished, on fire with thirst, knee-deep in slime
> And salt crust of the dreadful sea of Death."

Mr. Swinburne could not have given us a warmer-blooded, more tender-hearted, more heterodox Magdalene—a converted Magdalene, very unlike the accepted ideal, but consistent with herself and true to human nature. All the characters—the old Magus, who harmonises Buddhism with Christianity; Lazarus, in dealing with whom Sir Edwin comes into competition with Browning's "Epistle of Karshish" not disadvantageously; and Jair's daughter—are mere shadows beside her with

> "her great eyes
> Shining with glow of fearless faithful love."

In conclusion, this may be said: That many a reader, and perhaps reviewer, whose memory of the Old Story has grown somewhat dim, will have that memory freshened by reading Sir Edwin's poem, and be sent back gratefully to the simpler highest authority on "The Light of the World."

FICTION NEW AND OLD.

1. Her Evil Genius. By Frederick Boyle. Three vols. London Chapman & Hall. 1891.
2. Not a Moment to Spare. By Hugh Coleman Davidson. Two vols. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington. 1891.
3. A Dead Man's Diary. Written after his Decease. One vol. Third edition. London, New York, and Melbourne: Ward, Lock & Co. 1891.

There is much which is strong and original in "Her Evil Genius." The material of the story is to some extent new, and the story itself is of absorbing interest. It is a three-volume novel, and yet it is not too long. It is full of romantic incidents, of powerful and dramatic scenes, and the conclusion is artistic and suitable. And although it is a story of incident, even of adventure, the characters are admirably drawn. They are new and vivid, and perplex one like life itself. The style is quite tolerable, and the whole book bears evidence of a knowledge of the world and of considerable brightness and humour. In short, it is quite above the average of the fiction of the day. Its chief fault is perhaps an occasional want of judgment. John Oliver, for instance, is a striking and impressive character, but he is sometimes a little impossible; this man,

who sometimes talks like a prig and sometimes like a cynic, who paints divinely and can fight like a demon, is on too large a scale. He occasionally is heroic; but occasionally, on the other hand, he seems monstrous. Hal is a more pleasing and natural sketch. But, perhaps, the most charming of all are the two fair barbarians who are imported from the outrageous island of Ometepec into an English country house. Mr. Boyle is not always at his happiest; he is needlessly melodramatic in some parts of his story; some of the conversations of his characters have a suggestion of Mr. George Meredith about them; and his taste and judgment are not always perfect. But he has remarkable talent, and he has written a most spirited and exciting story.

"Not a Moment to Spare" is a title which hardly does justice to the story that follows it. Mr. Davidson's new story is not so hopelessly conventional and melodramatic as the title would imply. It makes some attempt to depict characters as they are or might be, instead of contenting itself with recollecting the dummies that flounder through the average murder story. But it must be confessed that Mr. Davidson has chosen to work on very familiar lines, and it is only his remarkable ingenuity which saves his book from being wearisome. He manufactures his coincidences with considerable skill; tangles his story in one volume, and unravels it in the next, with a shade more than the usual cunning. There is probably nothing in the book quite so stupid as its title. Here we have a two-volume novel. In the early part of the first volume we find the hero suspected of murder, and we remember that the title is "Not a Moment to Spare." A child could tell us exactly in what part of the book we shall find the condemned hero pardoned for being innocent. An intelligent dog could probably do it, if it had been brought up in a circulating library. This is a very bad mistake in a story whose chief aim is to excite its readers. However, there is still one interest left, for the author very considerately provides us with two villains; and although we are quite sure that the hero did not commit murder (for heroes never commit murder), and that his life will be saved (for heroes are never hanged), we do not know which of the villains is responsible for the deed of blood. In short, this is a murder story which is just a little more ingenious than the average murder story. The style is unpretentious and jerky.

"A Dead Man's Diary" has come to a third edition. Bound in black, with the ghost of rather a bad quill pen depicted in white on the cover, it once more makes its appeal to the public. One opens it almost with trembling; one feels that he is on the verge of the discovery of the great secret. It is easy to understand that its exceedingly sensational title is responsible for the large popularity which it has obtained. Who would not pay the paltry sum of three shillings and sixpence for an illumination of the hereafter and a striking binding, not to mention the advertisements at the end? The book is soon read, and it is to be feared that the reader will go away disappointed. The Dead Man has so very little to tell us, and he does not always tell it very well. That he should be egotistical was necessary, but it is a pity that he is not a more interesting subject for his own discussions. Sometimes we find beautiful and appreciative writing in these pages, but more often the style is strained, artificial, and displeasing. It wants vigour. It is rather deadly than manly. It is not very difficult to understand how it came to be written, without imputing any excessive originality to the author. And we have already said something of a possible reason for its popularity. "With how many of us," Matthew Arnold wrote, "are the main concerns of life limited to these two: the concern for making money, and the concern for saving our souls!" The price of "A Dead Man's Diary" is not large, and its title seems to promise more light on the second of these main concerns.

A STUDY OF FEDERAL GOVERNMENT.

HARVARD HISTORICAL MONOGRAPHS. No. 2. INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF FEDERAL GOVERNMENT. By Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of History. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1891.

THE activity of the leading American Universities has lately been showing itself, not only in developing a seminary system after the fashion of Germany, and in increasing enormously their professorial staff, but in publishing pieces of work done by professors or graduates in some special branch of science or learning. Not the least valuable among these have been the studies or monographs in the field of political science, and especially of constitutional and institutional history. Some of those included in the Johns Hopkins series have attained considerable reputation, and done much to stimulate inquiry into local historical sources. Those which Harvard University is now publishing are somewhat longer and remarkably thorough in their method. In the present volume of two hundred pages, Dr. Hart gives us the outline of a treatise on Federation, partly an historical account, partly an analysis of the constitutions of the four leading Federal States of the world. After a brief introduction, setting forth what he calls the theory of Federal Government, he devotes a few pages to a brief sketch of the federations of the ancient world, and of mediæval and post-mediæval Europe; then describes at some length, and in a very clear and exact way, the federal systems of the United States, of Switzerland, of Germany, and of Canada, adding a few words on the confederations of South and Central America. Appendix A, which is longer than the treatise itself, contains a minute comparative analysis of the Constitutions of these four great federations, so arranged as to show how each of them deals with the same department; and another appendix provides the student with an almost too full and elaborate list of works of previous writers on the subject, in which not only books, but even magazine articles are noted, and sometimes briefly characterised. The influence of Germany among the younger generation of American scientific writers is very palpable in the care bestowed on the bibliographical part of their tasks—a part which, thirty years ago, nobody thought of either in England or in America.

Dr. Hart is business-like throughout—direct, precise, and, so far as we have tested him, accurate. He has come so well down to date as to include the establishment of a republic in Brazil, the preparations for the assembling in this very month of the Australasian Federal Convention, and the magazine and newspaper discussions in Great Britain of what is called "Imperial Federation" from 1883 to 1890. In his short historical sketches he perceives what are the salient features, and gives them due prominence; though the extremely small scale on which his space obliges him to treat large subjects, makes the accounts of the formation of the present Swiss Confederation and present German Empire rather unsatisfying. For the same reason he is forced to confine himself to the statement of the legal features of each of the systems analysed, without being able to illustrate their practical working. The subject is almost too vast for treatment in a monograph; but Dr. Hart has done well what the conditions of the problem permitted him to do, and his book will be found very useful to students of the science he teaches.

EDMOND SCHÉRER.

EDMOND SCHÉRER. Par Octave Gréard, de l'Académie Française. Paris: Hachette. 1890.

EDMOND SCHÉRER, who was known in England chiefly by his critical essays, and not known as well as their merits deserved, was a remarkable man and had a remarkable career, typical in some ways of the times in which we live, yet bearing the distinctive note of his strong and serious character. He was born in France, of a family originally Swiss, but with an Anglo-Dutch mother, and had more of the Swiss and the Teuton in him than of the Frenchman. He certainly found, in later life, the moral atmosphere of contemporary France distasteful. Educated partly in England and partly at Strasburg, he was ordained a Protestant clergyman in 1840, and taught at the Theological School of the Oratoire in Geneva till 1489, when his opinions, which had till then been orthodox and markedly influenced by the great Vinet, began to change. The last twenty-five years of his life were spent in France, chiefly at Versailles. He was a powerful journalist, able to write in English and in German with as much point and readiness as in French, and an excellent representative of what may be called a highly conservative republicanism. After the fall of Louis Napoleon he became a life senator, and made himself one of the most respected members of the Upper Chamber. His book on Democracy, a ruthless unveiling of the defects of the Republican Government now existing in France, will be in the memory of many Englishmen. M. Gréard's sketch—for it is rather a sketch of his character and criticism of his powers than a regular biography, and tells us much less than we desire to know—is gracefully and sympathetically written. It does not exaggerate the power of Schérer's intellect or the intensity of his nature. He was a man who made a profound impression on all who knew him.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

It requires a good deal of courage even to attempt to compress into a volume of scarcely more than three hundred pages all that is most characteristic and valuable in the life and work of "Confucius the Great Teacher." It has been left accordingly to a gallant soldier to make the experiment, and we can honestly congratulate Major-General Alexander on the success with which he has at length carried out the literary dream which he has cherished since the period—now more than forty years ago—when he first gained a knowledge of the Chinese classics during his sojourn as a young officer in the East. It would be unfair, however, to give the impression that any pretensions are set forth in this work that the book has been written by a scholar for scholars. On the other hand, there is abundant evidence of wide reading and conscientious research, but General Alexander has steadily kept before him the needs of the general reader, and he has, therefore, sought to clothe the ideas of Oriental thought in language which is likely to awaken a sympathetic interest in the mind of an ordinary European. General Alexander is wise, we think, in retaining much of the legendary glamour which has gathered around the personal history of the Chinese sage, since not a few of these myths and traditions help the Western reader to understand not merely the manners, but the mode of thought which prevailed in the East twenty-three centuries ago. The contribution which Confucius made to religion and morals is admirably indicated in the closing chapters of the book, and it would be difficult to name any volume of the same unpretending character which gives a more lucid summary of all that is most distinctive and permanent in the philosophy of the sage. Confucius was not a lawgiver, like Moses, and has little claim to be regarded as on a level with Zoroaster, Buddha, or Mohammed; for each of these great leaders of human thought were more or less destroyers of the social and religious systems which preceded their advent, and the founders of new faiths upon the ruins of the old. This circumstance is not overlooked by General Alexander; and what he claims for Confucius is that he sought neither to destroy nor to create, but to preserve and to restore. He was no flatterer of the passions or weaknesses of mankind, nor did he lay any claim to the possession of supernatural powers; and yet after the lapse of more than two thousand years, the recorded thoughts of this great teacher are still the "standard of life and morals for the countless myriads of a mighty Empire." The moral ascendency of Confucius, even in modern Chinese thought, is hardly less remarkable than the reverence which is still paid to the intellectual eminence. The "Five Classics" and the "Four Books" still shape the course of Chinese education, and whatever vestiges of antique grandeur still mark the national character can be traced more or less directly to the noble influence and elevated philosophy of Confucius.

Hundreds of lads have gained a noble vision of the true dignity and worth of life whilst listening to the head-master's earnest and enlightened "Sermons in Clifton College Chapel," Bristol. The group of discourses contained in the present volume were preached during Mr. Wilson's last seven terms, and they are now published at the request of the Sixth Form. There were many sad young hearts at Clifton when Mr. Wilson became vicar of Rochdale, and his own feeling at the severance may be gathered from the dedication of this book—"To the school which I never loved more than when I resolved to leave it." We do not wonder, after reading these addresses, at the enthusiasm which such a teacher was able to kindle amongst his boys, not for learning alone, but also for the weightier things of character and conduct. Mr. Wilson believes that the progress of the race turns on the awakening of the individual soul, and in the farewell sermons which he preached in Clifton Chapel last December he sought to inspire the lads he was leaving with something of his own tenderness and pity for the desolate and oppressed:—"I desire that in the heart of every one of you, when you grow up, there should be an undying sympathy for the very worst and weakest of our fellow-countrymen, and not sympathy only, but an active resolve that the circumstances which crush them shall be altered, and that they themselves shall not be cursed and spurned, but shall have a chance, and many chances, of recovery." Everywhere in this volume the same high and chivalrous note is struck, and if Clifton School does not replenish the life of the nation with a number of large-hearted, public-spirited men, the fault will certainly not lie at the door of Mr. Wilson.

Pestalozzi's most ardent disciple, Friedrich Froebel, shortly before his death, expressed the wish that his "Letters on the Kindergarten" should be collected and published, in order to help forward the cause which he had so much at heart. Madame Froebel accordingly set herself the task of gathering and arranging her husband's correspondence on education, and the book was published in Vienna, in 1887, under the editorship of Herr Poesche, a school inspector in Berlin, and formerly a pupil of Froebel. The letters are addressed to some thirty correspondents, and they cover the most influential period of Froebel's career; indeed, the majority of them were written when the Kindergarten system had already emerged from the tentative stage. It was in 1840 that Froebel opened the first Kindergarten, at Blankenburg, and, as all the world knows, the principles he advocated had to run the gauntlet, not merely of opposition, but of contempt. Two years after his death—which took place in 1852—the movement established itself in England; and though it was hampered by a "foreign name, by foreign interpreters, and by much that was foreign in its actual working detail," as well as by the conservative instincts of the teaching profession, the Kindergarten system has quietly revolutionised the methods of primary education. Froebel, as we are reminded in these pages, was not merely a reformer in the art of teaching, but sought to reconstruct the entire theory of education. He sought to train his pupils by an appeal to the three fundamental principles of life—doing, thinking, and feeling. The activity or "doing" of a little child finds expression in the form of play; therefore, Froebel linked education to those pastimes to which childhood instinctively turns. Froebel held, with Pestalozzi, that the end of education was not the quickening of this or that faculty, but the balanced and symmetrical development of all. The manner in which he reduced this theory to practice constitutes his chief claim to remembrance, and in these artless and informal letters the reader gains many a glimpse into the heart of the system and into the heart of the man. Froebel cherished a lofty view of his own vocation, and, in spite of ridicule and disappointment, he seems never to have wavered in his conviction that the principles which he advocated were morally sound and philosophically right. The book in its present form deserves to be widely read, and chiefly because it sets forth—with many welcome autobiographical allusions—the central ideas of Froebel's educational system and his conception of the possibilities of child-life.

"A Hundred Years by Post" is a chatty description, illustrated by reproductions of quaint contemporary prints, of the marvellous changes which have taken place in the collection and distribution of letters since the close of last century. In 1781 the postal staff in Edinburgh was composed of twenty-three persons, of whom six were letter-carriers; Liverpool, in the year 1792, with a population of something like sixty thousand, only required the services of three postmen, and they certainly were not likely to wax fat and kick, for they only received seven shillings a week each. There was only one delivery of letters a day, and though the men started on their rounds by about nine o'clock in the morning, it was quite the middle of the afternoon before they returned. The delivery of letters in former times was, of necessity, a slow affair, and that for two reasons: pre-payment was not compulsory, and the postman had sometimes to haggle, and often to wait for the money; moreover, streets were not named and numbered on any sort of system, and concise addresses were, therefore, impossible. In 1839, the year before the passing of that measure, the number of letters in the United Kingdom was 82,500,000; next year, under the Penny Postage scheme, the number was more than doubled. In 1889 the number of letters passing through the Post Office in this country was 1,558,000,000, and even this total does not include post-cards, circulars, newspapers, and book-packets. So vast, indeed, has been the progress in every direction that there is now a great army of no less than 108,000 persons serving the public in the various departments of the Post Office. Mr. Hyde writes pleasantly, and there is not a page of his narrative which is open to the charge of dulness.

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* Confucius, the Great Teacher: a Study. By Major-General G. G. Alexander, C.B. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. Crown 8vo. (7s. 6d.)

Sermons Preached in Clifton College Chapel, 1888—1890. Second Series. By the Rev. J. M. Wilson, M.A. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Crown 8vo.

Froebel's Letters on the Kindergarten. Translated from the German Edition of 1887. Edited and Annotated by Emilie Michaelis and H. Keatley Moore, B.A. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. Crown 8vo. (3s.)

A Hundred Years by Post: a Jubilee Retrospect. By J. Wilson Hyde. Illustrated. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. Crown 8vo. (1s.)

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